

Honour and Vertue, Triumphing over the Grave.

Exemplified in a faire devout Life, and
Death, adorned with the surviving per-
fections of EDWARD Lord STAFFORD,
lately deceased, the last Baron of that Illu-
strious Family: which Honour in him en-
ded with as great Lustre as the Sunne
sets within a serene Skye.

A Treatise so written, that it is as well applicative to
all of Noble Extraction, as to him, and wherein are hand-
led all the Requisites of Honour, together with
the greatest Morall, and Divine Vertues, and com-
mended to the practise of the Noble
Pudent Reader.

By Anth. Stafford his most humble Kinsman.

*This Worke is much embelish'd by the Addition of many
most Elegant Elegies penned by the most
acute Wits of these Times.*

LONDON:

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Church. 1640.

THE GAVE
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To my much honour'd
Lord, *Thomas Lord Howard*, chief
of the *Howards*, *Earle of Arundell*
and *Surrey*, Earle Marshall of *England*,
Knight of the most Noble Order of the
Garter, and one of his Majesties
most Honourable Privy
Councell, &c.

My very good Lord,

THe Fame of your Lord-
ships Heroick Vertues
invites me to present to
your gracious accep-
tance this Treatise, of
which Honour is the Theme. Indeed

A

to

The Epistle Dedicatory.

to whom more fitly can shee make her
addresse, then to your Lordship, through
whose Veins she runs, from whose Bo-
som shee flows, in whose Actions shee
shines, and by whose Protection shee is
secured from the insolent Affronts of
the Vulgar? Being distressed, shee
makes You her faire Sanctuarie, being
wounded, she makes you her soveraigne
Balme. Nay, (which draweth neere
to a wonder) many put their Honour
into Your hands, esteeming it more safe
there, then in their owne. This is the
first cause of my Dedication; The next
is, that the true Child of Honour (the
deplored Subject of this Book) was a
Debtor to Your Lordship for his E-
ducation, whose Advancement in Ver-
tue, Honour, and Estate; You made
the greatest part of Your Studie. And,

to

The Epistle Dedicatory.

to say the Truth, where could such a Guardian be found for him as Your Lordship, since between the renowned Ancestours of You both, Vertue, and Bloud hath long since engendred a strict Friendship, and between whom there was a neare similitude of good and evill Destiny, both having amply shared of Infortunity, and Glory? I may adde, that there cannot be a more lovely Sight, then to behold an ancient, lofty Cedar sheltring with his Branches from the Rage of weather, a Young one of the same Kinde, aspiring to the same Height; had not the Frost of Death, immaturely nipt this Noble Plant, it were an Heresie to doubt that he would have flourisht under the care of a Lord, whose Vertue is too immense for one Region to containe, and

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whose

The Epistle Dedicatory.

whose Perfections are so many, and so transcendent, that they are able not only to adorn these more Polisht Parts of the World, but to civitize also the more Barbarous, and to make an Athens of Madagascar. The Oblation of my Teares, and Supplications to God, not availing to keep him here, I have sent my Vowes after him, and have given him a Funerall Equipage consisting of the Testimonies of brave, good, and knowing Men, which will eternize him on Earth, as his Goodnesse will in Heaven. I, confesse freely, I was unwilling to leave him to the Mercy of some grossly ignorant Chronologer of the Times, in whose Rubbish, Posteritie might unhappily have found him lying more ruin'd then his glorious Predecessours were by the Ty-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Tyranny of Time, or the Cruelty of Princes. Now in the last place, I must most humbly beseech Your Lordship to take notice, that his whole Name have made an affectionate, but an imprudent Choice of me to be their weak Oratour, to render Your Lordship submissive, and due thanks for the Good You did, or intended him, and withall to make You a Religious Promise of their Prayers to God, and their Praises; to Men, as in particular, I doe of the vowed faithfull service of

Your Lordships most humble,
loyall Servant,

Anthony Stafford.

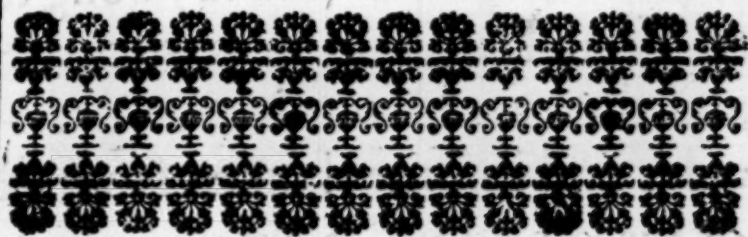
The Right Honorable

Primate of All England
in Christ
and Archbishop of Canterbury
of the Holy Roman Empire
and of the English Church

John
Bishop of London
and Archbishop of York
and of the English Church
and of the Holy Roman Empire
and of the English Church
and of the Holy Roman Empire
and of the English Church

Your humble servant
John

1542



To the Vertuous,
and excellent Lady,
the Countesse of
Arundell.

MADAM,

THE causes why I
make this Dedica-
tion apart to Your
Ladyship, are divers.
The first is, that sweete Lord (the
lamented Subject of this Booke)
in whose praise, my Muse ending,
will expire like a *Phœnix* in a Per-
fume.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

fume. Hee was extreamly oblig'd to Your Ladyship in particular; and therefore You deserve particular and infinite thanks from all of his Blood and Name, of which I am one, who have ever had your Vertues in admiration. The second is, that You, Madam, are none of those *Romance* Ladyes, who make Fiction and Folly their Study and Discourse, and appeare wise onely to Fooles, and Fooles to the wise. By reading nothing else but Vanity, they become nothing else themselves. They make a more diligent enquiry after the deedes of Knights, and Ladies errant, than after the Acts of Christ and his Apostles. The losse of their time is their just punishment, in that

The Epistle Dedicatory.

that they spend a whole Life in reading much, and yet is that much, nothing. But you, Madam, are capable of the most profound grave Misteries of Religion, and daily peruse and meditate Bookes of Devotion. You despise the bold Adventures of those Female Follies, and piously surveigh the lives of the Female Saints. You have render'd your selfe a most accomplish'd Lady on Earth, by imitating our blessed Lady which is in Heaven; who as she was here the first Saint of the Militant Church, so is she there, the first of the Church Triumphant; having learn't that she spent all her houres in works of Charity, you trace her steps, knowing that Shee, and Vertue,
 a trod

The Epistle Dedicatory.

trod but one path. Hence it comes, that you are at no time so angry, as with the losse of an opportunity to succour the distressed; and that you are as indefatigable in doing good as heaven in motion. Hence it is, that the impetuous force of a Torrent may be as well stopped, as the constant flood of your goodnesse; which never staves till it have water'd, and relieved all within its Ken, commendable either for Knowledge, or Vertue. My third, and last scope in placing your Character in the Front of this Treatise is, that like a Starre it may strike a luffe throughout this Broke, and by its light chase away the darknesse Oblivion would else cast upon it.

Question-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Questionlesse it will breede a holy emulation in any of your Sexe, who shall here learne that there is a Lady, whose vertues are come to the Age of Consistence, and can grow no further; and from whom, not only her posterity, but her Ancestors, also receive honour; They, in this resembling the Morne, who though she precedes the Sun, receives her splendour from him. Thus sweet, thus excellent, Madam, I have received you from those who have beene truly happy in being daily witnesses of all your Words and Actions. I conclude with this protestation made in me by Truth her selfe, that I am so constant an honourer (I had almost said an Adorer) of

a 2 Vertue

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Vertue where ever I finde it, especially when that inestimable Diamond is set in Honour (as it is in you, Madam) that should I round the World in your Ladyships service, I should esteeme it a Voyage far short of Your Merit, and my Duty ; and that I should not thinke the highest Title Imagination can reare, a greater addition to me, than is the submissive stile of

Your Ladyships most

humble loyall Servant,

ANTHONY

STAFFORD

To



To the noble Reader.

IThath beene the manner of
Ancient Times to commend
their Dead, rather to testi-
fie a good affection, to be-
waile their losse, and to hold
out the Lampe of their ver-
tuous Lives to others left behind, then to gra-
tifie the deceased. Thus David commended
Saul and Abner, Elizæus Elias, and Na-
zianzen Bazill; Ber bewailed Malachie,
complaining that his very bowels were pulled
from him. And I may truly averre that Death
tore out my Heart, when hee bereft me of that
sweetest Lord, of whose rare Gifts and Graces
this ensuing Discourse is composed. That I de-
ferr'd till now to doe him this right, and to
administer comfort to his vertuous Mother,
and the rest of his Noble and deare Friends,
(who

To the Reader.

(who still keepe warme his Ashes with their Teares) was for a wise consideration, no base neglect. A green wound abhorres the hand of the Surgeon, which after it patiently endures, nay, longingly expects: In like case, the Grievs of the minde, being newly entred, are not easily expelled, but at first reiect all consolation given them, whereas afterward they become obedient to Reason, and readily admit of those Remedies, which at first they refused. There are so many reasons comprehended in this following Treatise, why his Friends should not grieve too immoderately for him, that I will onely here adde this, that they should not too violently lament his departure out of a World where Vice is naturall, Vertue but counterfeited, or at the best well acted. Here wee discover her, but through a Cloud. Let them apply that usuall saying of the Rabbies to their sad soules, The godly even in their Death are alive, but the wicked in their Life are dead; If a Heathen could boldly averre, Nunc Epaminondas vester nascitur quis sic moriur: In so dying your Epaminondas is now reborne, may not we with greater

To the Reader

confidence affirme the same of him.

Thus much of the excellent subject, now to
the Works it selfe. In this Age (fertile in
Coriats, barren of Sydneys and Raleighs.)
that Books must come into the World with a
good Angell to defend it that escapes the severe
censures of malevolent spirits, with whom it
is a wicked custome to damne by Tradition, and
traduce Authours before they peruse them. As
Cankers commonly cleave to those Roses which
are best grown, and spread: So these envious
Detractors commonly fasten their venomous
Teeth on Works, to which Fame promiseth E-
ternitie. This ought not to deterre Good and
Knowing Men from publishing their Labours;
who hercin should imitate the Sunne, which
(though the Atheist, and the Impious, are un-
worthy of his Light) shines forth still, and
with his Beames glads the Earth, and all the
Movers on it. The onely Recompence I desire
of my ingenious Readers is, that they would
vouchsafe not to reade this Treatise out, but
that they would be pleased in imitation of the
Sortes Virgilianæ to take the Staffordian
Lot, that is, to practise in their lives the first
Page

To the Reader.

Page Chance shall direct them to, in the opening of it; since there is not one in this Worke which contains not some lovely Vertue or other of that deare Lord deceased: by enlarging of whose Fame, I have taken the Advantage to render my owne lesse obscure. This small favour I hope my Noble Readers will not denie their

Servant,

A. S.

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Samuel Baker.

August 9. 1639.



HONOUR AND VERTUE,

Triumphing over the
Grave : Or the life of the
late Lord *Stafford*.

NOne of Wisedomes Children
will either despaire , or be
confident of any thing in
this inferiour World , all
things are subject to such a
strange Revolution. Wee of-
ren see the money destined to
set out a Triumph imployed in furnishing a Fū-
nerall, and the purple, together with these great
preparations turned into Balmes, Blackes, and
Cypresse. *Pluto* sometimes snatcheth *Hymens*
Torch out of his hand, and leads the new linked
B couple

couple from the Bridall Bed into his solitary Vault. Nay, it hath been recorded that an Execution hath bin chang'd into a Coronation, and a Scaffold built for a Delinquency, hath become a Throne of Glory. Wee have many certain signes of Danger and Sicknesse, none of Security, there being in one part, or other daily examples of men that die, singing, laughing, eating, and drinking. The strongest Humane Fabricke Nature ever built, a crumme going down awry destroys. Force and Chance take away the Yong, and Maturity the Old. Nothing visible that is not mortall, no Object hath sense lesse fading then it selfe. The generall Tide washeth all passengers to the same shore, some sooner, some later, but all at the last. Every man must take his course, when it comes, never fearing a thing so necessary, yet alwayes expecting a thing so uncertaine. Our Intemperancy prepares a Feast for Death, and is therefore called the Mother of Physicians. This goodly Tree of Life is surcharg'd with Fruit, some fall by clusters, some single, all once. Every thing riseth with the Condition of a Fall, and all Encreases have their Diminutions. This is the firme Bond that compasseth, and girdeth fast the Bundle of Mortalitie, *Dust thou art, and to dust thou shalt returne.* That all this is true the Noble Subject of this Book is a faire, yet sad Example, much to be lamented because much to be admir'd, of whom something I must speak, though it come as short of his inestimable Worth, as I doe of an accomplish'd

Ora-

Oratour. And here I must crave pardon of the judicious Reader, if I draw not his perfections to the life. My Apologie may be a just complaint that my stile is fetter'd by the idle Censures of Schismaticall Fools, whose purblind souls cannot discern betwene a fawning Flattery and a due prayse, who have hardly language good enough to make themselves understood, much lesse to perswade others, except it be never to read them againe. I could without the aide of any Rhetoricke at all, pen one of their dimme foggy Lines, wherein there is nothing considerable, that I would not reduce into a poesie for a Ring, so that they might weare their own story on what finger they please. But there are more then humane helps required to give a Heroe his true Character, whose magnanimous soule harbours not a thought small enough to enter into their narrow, passive brains. As in the Ancient Sacrifices, it was not lawfull to kindle the Altars of the Gods with any materiall common Fire, but with the pure Rayes of the glorious Sun: So a divine flame is required to illuminate that Spirit which undertakes to characterise the soules of great and eminent Men. I confesse, freely, the wings of my invention flag, and are not able to beare her to the Summity of her tousing subject. It is a received opinion, that Wit encreaseth Griefe, and Griefe Wit. I finde the former part of this Tenent true; for that small proportion of Wit Nature hath given me, turns to my disadvantage, in that it makes mee too apprehensive

hensive of his worth, and consequently of his losse; but the later I prove in my selfe to be false, for now the charming Eloquence of *Anthony*, *Crassus*, and *Cicero* is required to limme this rare Piece, a stupitying Dulnesse seizeth on mee, and the very Knowledge of what I have to write distracts me, so I know not what to write. And yet this is no wonder at all; for my best blood being lost in him, my worser remayning must needs chill, and no man is ignorant, that where there is not *Focns in Venis*, there cannot be *Subtilitas in Intellectu*: When Warmth forsakes the Veines, Subtilty must of necessity abandon the Head. Yet were I master of as great an eloquence as *Demosthenes* himselfe, my best words could not give his Vertues a clothing correspondent to their lustre. The most skilfull Painter cannot give a Picture all the lively Graces contained in the Naturall, from which it is drawne; Nor can the most expert Oratour fully, and truly delineate the Beautie of an Originall so sublime that it transcends his Understanding. As it is more easie to tell what is not in Heaven then what is: So it is by farre more facile to number the Vices which hee had not, then the Excellencies of which hee was the happy possessor. But because in great Designes, even attempts are laudable, and that by many, this Testimony of my Duty is look'd for at my hands, I am content to take the advantage though of a most unhappy, and unwelcome occasion to seale up my former Affection, and publish to the World the damage I have received

ceived by this farall Deprivation, nor I alone but all his Stock, and all the lovely Brood of Honor, and Pietie. And I now opportunely choose to make this Oblation to his Memory. *Quando nec landantē adulatio movet, nec laudatū tentat elatio;* When neither Flattery moveth me, nor vain-glory assaileth him. My comfort is, I have chosen a Theam where (to some judgments) the highest Hyperboles wil passe for defective Truths. Sure I am, I need not feare to out-speake his merit and my love, w^{ch} ought to be so much that it cannot possibly appeare too much. I dare tell Envie and Detraction to their Teeth, that prayse justly belongs to the pious deceased, & that I may cal it, with *Pliny*, the charitable Dew that makes Vertue spring up in the Living. Who knowes my friends better then I my selfe? If they are not such as I make them, sure I am, I believe them such. No Crowne can give mee such content as does this comfortable error, for such capricious Criticks will teare it, though in my beliefe it be an upright and impartiall Veritie.

Before I enter into his commendations, I must entreat all my Readers to consider that (besides the fore-mention'd Obstacle) there is yet another, which is, that my Pen is too straightly confin'd, the bounds afforded her not being large enough to make a Demonstration of her Agility, and Sufficiencie; for Obstinacie her selfe can not deny that (mans Life being but a Span) shee hath little more then an Inch allotted her to traverse in, he dying at the Age of Fourteen. Shee

must therefore be enforced onely to draw in a smal Card the first Spring of his Youth newly deliver'd of such beautifull Issues commendable both for their Ornament and Odour, as are able to commit a Rape on all knowing Soules, and to send out a perfume as farre as Posteritie. Had he he arriv'd at the Autumne of his Age, shee had then beene Mistris of a Field large enough to exercise her Art in, and shee would have presented the Surveighers of this Worke with as Beautifull Fruir as the large, spreading Tree of Honour ever bore. Wee might well divine of him, as *Antigonus* did of *Pyrrhus*, *Magnus futurus se senesceret*, Hee would prove great, if Aged.

The common Method in handling matters of this nature commands me to make the first part of this Discourse the place of his Birth, the Nobilitie of his Race, and Disposition, and to continue and close it up with the Vertues practised in his Life, and the Sanctity expressed in his Death.

Where a worthy man of a faire Line is born, and bred is necessary to be knowne.

IN setting downe the place of his Birth I shall follow the usuall course of others who hold it a Circumstance very necessary to make knowne where a worthy man, and of a faire Line is born, and bred, in that it is not the Fertility and Beauty of the Soile, but the manners, and goodnesse of the Dwellers that commend the place. True it is that *Isaac* commands *Jacob* that hee should

not

not take a wife of the Land of *Canaan*, but of *Mesopotamia* in *Syria*, being more renown'd. I must not thwart the Scriptures, nor denie that some countries are more famous then others, but I desire to know whether, or no the Braverie of their Inhabitants have not conferr'd on them the Renowme they are so big with. What made *Greece* the Wonder of the World, but the Learning, and Valour of her people? What makes her now the contempt of all men but the Baseness, Dullness, and Cowardise of the same? What once was *Ireland* but another *Goshen*? There was a time when the people of this Country being asked how they had dispos'd of their sonnes, their Ordinary Reply was, *Mandati sunt ad Disciplinam in Hiberniam*, They are sent into *Ireland* to be instructed. Within the remembrance of many, the *Americans* are not at this day more barbarous, then were the more Northerne Natives of that Iland, though now (Heaven be prayd) they have almost quite shaken of the cumbersome shackles of that *Cymmerian* Ignorance. I infinitely applaud the speech of *Aristotle* to a vain-glorious Fellow, who boasted himselfe a Citizen of a mighty Citie, *Noli, inquit, hoc attendere, sed in dignis sis magna, & illustri Patria: Hanc non in se, sed in te, to the splendour of thy Country, but to thy own Worth, and examine whether thou deservest to be derived thence.* So that wee see there is no Climate so obscure that is not illustrated by the Birth of meritorious

rious men. Had Sir *Philip Sidney* written his Poem, or Sir *Walter Raleigh* his History amongst the Savages of *America* in *Greeke* or *Latine*, I am confident all succeeding Authours would have nam'd *America* as often as now they doe *Rome*, or *Athens*, and those rude creatures would have received an imputative worth from them, whereas now they are in little, or nothing to be distinguish'd from their Cattell. Or had they penn'd those their immortall Workes in the *Indian* Tongue (after once they had come to light) wee should have studied that unpolish'd Language as hard, as now wee do the Orientall Dialects. Did not a *Gaditanian* come from the farthest part of the World to see the farre fam'd *Livie*?

I will here cut off this no impertinent Digression, with relating that this hopesfull young Lord breath'd his first Aire at Stafford; which Towne and Country the memory of him will for ever commend, ennoble, and endear to all such as professe themselves friends to him, or Goodnesse.

BEfore I begin to speake of the Antiquity of his Family, I must necessarily insert something of noble Extractions in generall, because there are some clownish Infidels who believing there is no such thing as a Gentleman.

That

That in all Ages, and Nations the more Worthy have beene distinguish'd from the rest by Superiour Titles, and callings is undeniable. The Hebrews sever'd them from others by stiling them *Jedum, Horim, Scalibim, Scheliscim, Avarim, Massaguerim, Artfilim, Maginim, Guccirim, Guibborim, Nedivim, Kervim, Abbaschedappinim*, by which is signified in the propriety of that Language, that they are Illustrious, Generous, Principall Men, not much inferiour to Kings. But they were most honour'd who were descended from the greatest Houses, and these they named *Benhorim*, Children of Noblemen. *Moses* Governour of *Israel*, to the end he might rule the people well, and worthily, selected seventy Men of Eminent Condition, *Hachamin*, and *Jedum*, Wise, and Noble men well vers'd in Affaires of State. And *Iosuah* his Successour added others of the same qualitie. Men of Honorable Bloud have ever been held to be of Royall Condition, and reverenc'd as little Kings, because them in severall Provinces their Princes have graced with great Titles, Priviledges, and Prerogatives, and on them have conferr'd their Regall Authoritie, that by this meanes they might be more reverenc'd, and obey'd by the people whom under them they were to govern. There is no man, saith *Livy*, so stupid, that hee is not enflamed with a Desire of Domesticall Glory. The words of the same Author in another place are these. *Parentage and Nobilitie are great Or-*

it is here proved against all clownish Infidels, that there is such a thing as a Gentleman.

naments, doubtlesse, for a man to enjoy here in this
 life, but farre greater to leave behinde him to his
 Posterity. Harken to Cicero, *Omnes boni semper
 Nobilitati favemus, & quia Reipublica utile est
 Nobiles esse homines dignos Majoribus suis, &
 quia valere debet apud nos senex clarorum homi-
 num de Republica meritorum memoria, etiam
 mortuorum*: All we who are good ever favour No-
 bility, because it is a thing profitable to the Com-
 mon-wealth to have men worthy of their Ance-
 stors, as also that the aged Memory of famous Men
 desirving well of the Common-wealth (though
 dead) ought to be in esteem with us. Plato divides
 Nobility into foure parts. The first are they
 who derive themselves from good, and just pa-
 rents. The second have Princes their Ancestors.
 The third are they whose Progenitors have been
 great Warriours, and Lawreated Triumphers.
 The fourth and best, are they who excell in Mag-
 nanimitie, and Greatnesse of Merit. And truly I
 am of *Plato's* minde; for though I am a never
 yielding Advocate for men of remarkable
 Stocks, yet I believe not that Honour is confined
 to run in certain particular Channels, or that the
 Rationall Soule should be bound to the same
 Lawes with the Vegetative, or Sensible. Where
 Nobility is onely *Nuda Relatio*, a meare bare Re-
 lation, and nothing else I esteeme it, not a Grace,
 but a Disparagement. I shall never seeke for that
 Fruit in the Root which I should gather from
 the Branch. Vertue is the legitimate Mother of
 Ho-

Honour, not Fortune, who, though shee be a Queene, many times imitates unhappily some of her owne Ranke in suffering her selfe to be enjoy'd by Groomes, and fixeth there her Admission where the World placeth its Derision. Him Him whom Vice, and Ignorance doth still detain prisoner in the Heard of the Vulgar, if by his own vertuous actions hee cannot separate himselfe from them, my Vote, nor Judgement shall ever give him Freedome. In this I am seconded by no worse a man then the most Eloquent *Demosthenes*. *De Nobilitate parum laudis prædicare possum, bonus enim Vir mihi Nobilis videtur, qui verò non justus est licet Patre meliore quam Jupiter sit genus Ducat Ignobilis mihi videtur.* Nobility I cannot much predicate; Hee who is a good man appeareth to mee noble; Hee who is not Iust (though hee derive himselfe from a better parent then Jupiter himselfe) seemes to mee Ignoble. The French usually say, *Le Splendeur de Vertu la Noblesse de Race*: The Splendour of Vertue is the Nobility of Race.

I am not ignorant that the Censure and Custome of many Kingdomes are against mee, where all men have respect, and precedencie given them by their great parentage, not their good parts. But above all other, the Dane is the most strict Observer of Descent. In *Denmarke* he is not ranked amongst the Gentry, who cannot prove him *Een Herremand auff Seisten Auffer*, A Gentleman of sixteene Descents by Fa-

Amongst all Nations the Dane is the greatest Ador-er of Nobilitie.

ther and Mother. At all Triumphs, and Tiltings it is proclaim'd, that hee who is not such must not presume to handle a Sword or Lance, or enter into the *Lists*. Nay, it is most certaine, that at those great Solemnities they have excepted against some base sonnes of their owne Kings defective in Bloud by the Mothers side, and would hardly be pacified by their Princes answer, which was, that what honour was wanting on the Mothers side was superabounding on the Fathers. In the Raigne of *Fredericke* the Second King of *Denmarke*, there lived a most learned Man named *Erasmus Letus*, who for his Science, and pleasing Discourse, was admitted into the best Companies, and had an eminent place at all Tables. He proud of his high vallue, and ambitious of higher, travell'd to *Venice*, and was there created a *Venetian* Knight, and in coming backe was, made Poet Laureat by *Cæsars* own hand. The first Table hee came to after his return home was the Chancellour of that Kingdome, who plac'd him lowest of all his Guests, not sticking openly to tell him that the Reverence, and Superiority which before was given him as a profound Scholar, was now denied him as a Superficiall Gentleman. If in that Kingdome an ignoble man deflowre a noble Maid, his head is infallibly cut off, and shee lives, and dies shut up betweene two Walls. If any woman gently borne marry a *Roturier*, (as the *French* call him) with us a Peasant, she is deprived of her portion, and

and never taken notice of afterward by any of her Kinred. In some places of *Poland* a gentleman hath this priviledge that if hee kill a Burger, a Hind, or any other ordinary man by paying downe foure shillings he is quit.

I abhorre this foolish strictnesse, and severity, yet could wish we were not as carelesse this way, as they were punctuall, our Tables then would not be so throng'd with Farme, and shop-Gentry. The Ancient *Romans* in this case excluded *omnem quaestum*, *All manner of gaine*. If my Vote might passe for good, all originalls of great Families hereafter should issue out of Schooles and Campes, there being no other beginning of power to warrant them from censure and laughter. A true testimony of this I will give you in *Pallas Freeman*, of *Claudius* the Emperour, a servant as Worthy, as his Master Wife. You shall see an Emperour, and a Senate of *Rome* (Lords of the World) conspire and combine to eternize this *Pallas*, and to set him up a marke of greatnesse, and glory to all succeeding Ages. The Senate presented this abject fellow with the *Prætorian Dignity*, and 150 *Sesterces*, the former of which he tooke, the later hee refused. They assemble together on purpose, and humbly thanke this sortish Prince for this his servile Favourite, in that he had vouchsafed to commend him to the Senate, and by that gave them occasion of shaping him a reward answerable to his merit. Upon his rejecting this their

pecuniary offer, they flocke againe to the Emperour, imbrace his knees, and submissively beseech him to perswade *Pallas* to accept of their gift, which supplication of theirs, this foolish Emperour presented to *Pallas*. Behold an Emperour, and a Senate, saith *Pliny*, contending for superiority in slavery. You would have thought by this their so frequent conventing before *Cæsar*, that either the Confines of the Empire had beene enlarged, or the Armies had return'd in safety. Within the first stone of the Tiburtine way they built him a Monument with this Inscription. *Huic Senatus at fidem, pietatemque erga Patronos Ornamenta Prætoria decrevit, & Sester-tium centies Quinquagies, cujus honore contentus fuit.* On this man for his Faith and Piety to his Patrons, the Senate conferr'd the Prætorian Ornaments, and presented him with 150. Sesterces, but he contented himselfe with the Honour onely. The excellent *Pliny* repines so much at the grace and honour done this *Furcifer* (for so he calls him) that he breaks out into this bitternesse of Speech. This mancipated Senate, saith he, stiled that modesty in him, which, indeed was Insolency. How I applaud my fortune, that I liv'd not in their Times, in whose behalfe I blush so many yeares after their committing of this base folly. But why should wee repine at this? Rather let us laugh, that they may not thinke they have made any great purchase who are come to that degree of happinesse, as to be laughed at. By this one Example

Example we may clearely perceive, that it is not in the potency of Princes to create a never fading honour, that supream blessing being in the gift of Verrue onely.

A never fading Honour is not the gift of Fortune, but of Verrue.

That the originall of true Nobility is not deriv'd from any accidentall good flowing from Fortune, or Linage, but receives its birth, and growth from the ability, and Harmony of a vertuous Mind, I will both by reason and example demonstrate.

By reason; for if solid and ligitimate Nobility depended so on the will and beck of Fortune, that she could circumscribe the marks, and Ensignes of Honour within the narrow compasse of the womb, & give, and take them away at her pleasure, there would be nothing left in the spacious circumference of this earthly Globe for a Wise man to desire, who knowing Fortune to be so changeable, that some of the Ancients used to make her Statues of Glasse, as an argument of her fragillity, and even then suspecting, and fearing her when she most fawnes on him, placeth not his confidence at all on her, but involves himselfe within his owne vertue, which onely can secure him from her tyranny. What ever is in her possession he scornes, though hee may have it for the fetching, because she is so blinde that she cannot penetrate into his worth, and so base that shee lodgeth oftner and longer with the the ignorant and infamous, than with the more deserving and more knowing. Hee smiles

It is here proved by reason that Nobility depends not on the will of Fortune.

Nothing is
more remote
from the na-
ture of true
Nobility,
than an an-
cient stocke
void of vertue

smiles at their arrogancy and pride, who upon an idle perswasion grounded on their Nobility, presume to take place of others, whereas, indeed, nothing is more vaine, abject, and more remote from the nature of true Nobility, than an ancient stocke void of vertue. The judgements of *Plato*, and *Seneca* will here bee inserted opportunely, who affirme that if we be inquisitive after Pedigrees we shall finde that there is no slave who is not sprung from mighty Kings; nor no King that is not descended from despicable slaves. By which we may apparantly see that it is not greariness of Blood, but of Merit, that really dignifies any man. For my owne part, I seriously protest, I should glory more in being the happy Master of the lofty minde, and low Extraction of undaunted *Marins*, than in enjoying all the vast Dominions of *Terfitha*, and *Sardanapalus*, together with the innumerable splendent Images of their Ancestors. That *Alexander* the Great was truly Noble, no man will deny, in that he was sonne to so puissant a Monarch as *Phillip* King of *Macedon*: yet was he so farre from being puffed up with any vaine-glorious conceite of his royall descent, that *Plutarch* upon his credit assures us, he being yet a Child, repined at nothing so much as at his Fathers glorious Actions. To this purpose is remarkable that passage betweene him and other Children, who (alleging to him his happinesse in being sonne to so brave a Prince, that made such

such large Conquests, and onely for him) received from him this magnanimous answer. *What bootes it me to possesse much, when I my selfe have done nothing memorable? So prosperous a successe attends all my Fathers Enterprizes, that hee will leave me nothing to Conquer. O generous speech proceeding from a high aspiring minde, deservedly destin'd to Conquer, and governe this lower Hemisphere. Me thinkes I heare him thus enlarge his reply. Hath my Father in one night deflowred both Fame and victory, and extorted from them a vow never hereafter to waite on any but him? Shall I then live like a Plant, and onely grow to stand still? Sloth is the common Nurse to all Vices, and in learning nothing, we learne to doe ill. I like the Custome of that Nation who suffered not their Children to be taught any thing fitting, and alwaies sacrific'd to the gods the last Commer to the Army. Barre mee Motion, and action, and conclude mee a Trunke, not a Man. Shall I lye still imprison'd within the Straights of my owne Greece? No, I am resolv'd not onely to trace my Sire, but to out-goe him. I will have this massie Globe measur'd, that I may see how much is left for me to overcome. The Sunne shall not discover more then I will Conquer, onely I would not so soone vanquish as he surveighs, lest my Valour should want employment. Of the same thred with this opinion of Alexander, is that of Lycus in Seneca's Hercule furente.*

D

Nobiles

*Nobiles non sunt mihi
 Avi, nec altis inclytum titulis Genus,
 Sed clara virtus. Qui Genus jacet at suum
 Aliena laudat.*

It is here by
 example con-
 firmed that
 Descent is no
 sound Argu-
 ment of true
 Nobility.

It resteth now, that I confirme by Example what I have proved by Reason, that Descent is no sound Argument of true Nobility. The truth of this, the very consideration of the inconstancy of humane affaires will assure us, in that the Presidents are most frequent of men this day prostrate, and the scorne of all men, to morrow exalted, and their very nods observed.

If wee looke backe upon old Rome wee shall quickly perceive, that not long after shee was built, many obscure men became her Rulers. Who knowes not that *Tarquinius Priscus*, one of her most famous Kings, had for his Parents a banish'd Merchant, and a servile Woman? Was not *Servus Tullius* the sonne of a meane fellow, and a Maid servant? Was not the birth of *Tullus Hostilius*, who preceeded both these in the Empire, very meane, he having beene in his Nonage sometimes a Neatheard, sometimes a Shepheard? Now let us come to the *Cæsars* themselves, and examine whether or no they were of more renowned extraction than their Kings. *Augustus* himselfe (whose Greatnesse and Happinesse grew to a Proverbe, (*Sis Augusto Felicior, Trajano melior*) and whose surname at this

this day the *German* Emperours with pride usurpe, shutting up all their Titles with *Semper Augustus, ever Augustus*) was not his Grandfather a Silver-Smith, and his Father an *Astipulator*? Both which *Cicero* writing to his brother *Quintus* avoucheth to have obtain'd the Quæstorship by supplication. What other Founder of his Stocke had *Vitellius* than a Libertine, or Freed man, whom *Cassius Severus*, and many others maintaine to have beene no better than a Tayler. *Trajan*, the best of all the *Cæsars* (in whose Reigne the Mappe of the *Roman* Empire was at the fairest) swammie at first in no Flood of Fortune, and that hee was of no great House. *Nerva* himselfe inferres, who when he design'd him Emperour, and commended him to the Senate, bade them looke into the mans merit, not his parentage. *Pertinax* none of their worst Emperours had a slave to his Grandfather, and a freed man to his Father. *Piscenninus Niger*, no bad Prince, had no better a beginning. *Opilius Macrinus*, was first a Servant, then a Freed man. *Galienus*, *Posthumus Loliennus*, and *Martius*, whose Reigne continued but three dayes, could not glory much in their Pedigrees, the later of which was but a Smith. *Galerius* had poore Country parents, and he himselfe was an Armorour, and from thence got the surname of *Armentarius*. Of the same poore condition were *Maximinus*, *Pupienus*, and *Balbinus*, his co-Regnant. The vertuous *Aurelius* was born

meanly. The Father of the most accomplish'd *Probus* was a Gardner, yet was hee Lord of so many perfections, that *Valerius* the Emperour earnestly by Letters exhorted his Sonne *Gallenus* to imitate him in all things, using often to say by the way of Allusion to his Name, that if his Cognomen had not beene *Probus* his *Pranomen* should have beene such. *Bonofus* rose from a Schoole-master to be an Emperour. *Dioclesian* was the Sonne of a Notary. *Licinius*, and *Maximinianus*, *Entropius*, and *Paulus Orosius*, number amongst the *Plebeians*. The Father of the Emperour *Valentinianus* was a Rope-maker, whence he himselfe got the nickname of *Funerarius*. *Iustinus* was but an Armourer. I must not omit *Basilus* the *Macedonian*, who being brought Captive amongst other vendible slaves to *Constantinople* was there created Emperour. I cannot passe over *Abdolominus*, or, as some wil have him call'd *Abactonius*, who was brought by *Alexander* from drawing water, and watering Gardens, and by him made King of *Sidonia*, to the eternall dishonour of all the discontented Nobility of that Countrey. Nor must I conceale *Antipater*, the succeder of *Alexander* in the Kingdome of *Macedonia*, who was Nephew to a she Player, that acted the Clownes part. *Artabaces*, King of the *Parthians*, is reported to have beene the sonne of the people. The Parents of *Cambyses*, King of the *Persians* were of poor condition. *Darius* the sonne of *Hystaspes*, who bore

bore no better an Office under *Cyrus* then that of a Serjant, was exalted to be King of the *Persians*, and was the first of that Name. Here I must introduce the Father of *Euменes* carrying of burthens, and *Telephanes*, who being but a base Coachmaker, obtained the *Lydian* Crowne. I cannot but insert *Mydas*, who by the *Phrygians* was called from the Cart to be their King, and *Ptolomeus* who made so large a Step, as from being a common Souldier to be crowned King of *Egypt*. *Tyridates* came from a servant to be King of the *Parthians*. *Livy* informes us, that *Veſtius Meſſius* King of the *Volsicians*, was more commendable for his Deeds then his Birth. Who is ignorant that *Parrhasius*, and *Lycastus* (being exposed by their Mother to the mercie of the weather, and wilde beasts) were found, and brought up by *Tilliphus* a Shepherd, and afterwards governed *Arcadia*. That the Shepherd and Hog-heard *Tamberlaine* was afterward King of the *Scythians*, is obvious to every mans knowledge. I will here make a holy conclusion with *David*, and *Saul*, whom God himselfe withdrew, the one from following the Ews, the other from following the Asses, to rule over the *Hebrews*.

Notwithstanding all these fore-mentioned Presidents, I would not have any man conceive me to be so simple, that I believe not two good things together are better then one single, that Desert, and Noble Bloud conjoyn'd, farre outshines solitary Merit. As the purest blood al-

Honour and
Vertue con-
joyned, out-
shine solitary
Merit.

wayes resorts to the Heart as the first liver, and the last dier, and the noblest part of the Body: so for the most part Perfections and Graces, as the Requisites of Honour, make their repaire to the more Honourable of Mankinde. Abortion sounds not so strangely in our eares as degenerating, because the former is comon, the later not. We not very often, see any man of a Noble strain in whom we detect not some Impression, some seeds of his Parents worth, which in time spring up, bud, and flourish in him. Lightly, he who is well 'borne ponders with himselfe whether or no, his Predecessours acquired their Dignitie by Arts, or Armes, which once knowne he seeks by the same meanes at least to preserve, if not to increase the Honour they have left him.

Arts & Armes
should be the
study of the
more Noble.

If our Hodiernall Nobility would spend some time in this Meditation, and diligently exercise themselves both in Letters, and Armes, their Honour would not be assail'd on all sides by the Vulgar as at this day it is, and it would no longer appeare as in some it does, a meere shadow of a consumed Body. The Emperour *Adrian* Successour both in the Empire, and Vertue to *Trajan*, (equally an Enemy to Vice, and Sloth) used to say, that it was not decent to see a young Gentleman without a Book in one hand to teach him Wisdome, and a Sword in the other to defend the same against all *Barbarians* whatsoever. So amiable was the Conjunction of both these in his sight, that he did never eat without two standing

ding by him of severall Abilities, one to discourse to him of the secrets of Nature, the other of Stratagems of Warre. And that this was the Custome of the other Emperours, appeares by the two Masters of Nero, *Burrhus*, and *Seneca*, the one a Martialist, the other a Philosopher. *Charlemaine*, *Lewis the Debonaire*, *Saint Lewis* and others had them in such esteeme, that they held the joyning of them together as necessary, as the linking of the Husband, and the Wife.

The Politickes dispute which of these two should have the Precedencie, but in the end give it to the Gowne, in that Good Letters can instruct us in the Military Discipline, but Armes cannot impart the Knowledge of the Arts.

I may seeme to some to have dwelt too long on this weighty, and necessary Argument of Honour in Generall, whose pardon I crave, and so proceed in my Method to treat of his Nobilitie by Race, who is now my deplored Theam.

I am utterly void of all insight in Heraldry, and therefore can write nothing in this kinde, save what I have upon trust, but that little I shall deliver shall be back'd with great Authorities. That his Ancestors have been Dukes, I am confident, every man hath heard, but how great in Authority, and Revenne it may be all men apprehend not. I am inform'd by a Knight skillfull and Excellent not only in our English, but Forraigne Heraldry also, that the Dukes of *Buckingham*

The Dukes of
Buckingham,
have beene so
great that
Earles have
bin Stewards
of their Hou-
ses.

kingham have been so great, that Earles have been the Stewards of their Houses, and that they have disbursed eight hundred pounds yearly old Rent in Pensions to Earles, Barons, Knights, and Gentlemen. To this worthy Testatour of their Greatnesse, I shall yet adde a far greater: namely, the Right Honorable *Henry Earle of Northampton*, a Lord so omniscient that he seem'd to all learned men living in his time, *A walking Athens*. In a speech of his contain'd in a Booke entituled, *The Arraignement of the Traitors*, his formall words are these. *It was a Menke of Henton, that seduc'd the late Duke of Buckingham, to the Ruine of as great a Name as any Subject in Europe (excepting onely the Sirname of a King) can demonstrate, by which I receive a blemish, and all those that descend from him.* This is enough for mee, in that I cannot blazon Coates, nor draw Pedigrees, and because I am unwilling to disparage some whose Names the *Staffords* bore in former times, and afterwards forlooke them as somewhat too obscure, and low, for their lofty deeds.

Wee have all this while dwelt in the Suburbs, wee will now enter the Citie, and glad our eyes with the splendour of it. Imagine all the premises to bee but the Curtain, which now being drawne wee will gaze on the Beautifull Piece, his *Life*, so pure and innocent to the outward sight (in Gods eye who can be justified) that what was said of *Scipio*
Mas-

Nasrica, may be applyed to him, *Nihil in vita nisi laudandum aut dixit, aut fecit*; Through his whole Life he never did, or spake any thing that was not commendable.

The first care of his Excellent Parents was to let him know there was a God that made him, and they taught him by gesture to acknowledge this Truth, ere hee could by speech. The erection of his eyes, and Hands spake for him ere his Tongue could. To learne the Arts, and Sciences requires a convenient Ripenesse of Age, but it fares not so with Religion which is to be suck'd in with the Mothers, or Nurses Milke. A Vessell reteines long the 'sent of that wherewith it is first season'd, and therefore hee was taught to name, and know his Heavenly Father before his Earthly. When he came to have the use of speech, hee was instructed every morning with an humble heart, and in a submissive phrase to crave the conduct, and safeguard of God for that Day, and in the same lowly Language to implore his Almighty protection for the ensuing Night. Then was hee carried into Gods sacred Temple there to offer up prayers, and Vowes due to his Maker. True it is, that we not only see, but handle God in his Creatures, but we no where speak univocally, and unanimously to him, nor hee at all to us but in his Church.

And that hee might judge of Religion and Goodnesse aright, these his solicitous Parents gave him a learned Education: for though Lear-

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His pious Education.

Religion is to be suckt in with the milke.

His learned Education.

Though learning be not the Adequate cause of Vertue, it is the adjuvant.

ning be not the Adequate Cause of Vertue, (that being Assuefaction in Goodnesse) yet that it is the Adjuvant, all men not Contentious will easily grant. Some there be (who affirme) that Vertue cannot be taught, because though the Intellect may be informed of the true forme of Vertue, yet the Will by this Instruction cannot be made flexible. Experience proving to us that many profoundly Learned, are withall damnable Wicked. But this falls out by accident, when Science meets with a perverse, and depraved Nature. If we consider Learning in it selfe, wee shall finde that though it doe not necessarily engender Vertue, yet it moves, and enclines the Will to embrace it. To this alludes that of *Ovid*.

*Didicisse fideliter Artes
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.*

There are many forcible, convincing Reasons, why a learned man is more apt to follow Vertue then an unlearned. Amongst many other I will onely produce four. The first is, that by studying the Arts, and Sciences the thoughts of man are averred from dwelling on corporeall things, the ordinary objects of his Affections, and by that means the occasions are cut off, that usually allure him to be enamour'd on Vice. Secondly, he who is a curious searcher into the Nature, and causes of things, judgeth of them aright, and esteemes them as they are. Hence it comes to passe, that he

he magnifies things truly great, and contemnes those equally base, and is nothing at all moved with such Events as in the Vulgar beget Terror, and Astonishment. Thirdly, through the Knowledge of things Naturall, and Supernaturall, hee discernes many causes why wee should adhere to Vertue, and detest Vice: For hee who understands the Nature and Excellencie of God, will desire to be like him, and hee who knows that God hath created all things under the Sunne for him, will be enflam'd with a divine love towards him, and approve himselfe gratefull, and serviceable to this his Heavenly Benefactour. Likewise hee who espies in the brute creatures themselves Images of Vertues, in some that of Fortitude, in others that of Temperancie, and Chastitie, in all an Instinct, and Industry in undergoing those Offices they are made for, and which are proper to them, will easily be induced to thinke it a shame, and dishonour to him, if he (having the use of Reason, and having the stampe of the Deity upon him) should be found defective in his Duty. Fourthly, and lastly, Learning layes before us the true Forme of Vertue, and furnisheth us with Examples of brave accomplish'd men, with the rewards, and Glory they purchas'd by their Perfections: and on the contrary, the ignominious, and horrid ends of such as have liv'd, and died mancipated to their owne sordid, enormous Imperfections, the Meditation whereof will render a knowing man an Admirer of

Great men
have declared
themselves
fautors of
Learning.

Goodnesse, and a loather of Wickednesse.

They who are so obstinate as to reject these Reasons in favour of Good Letters, will surely be ore-borne, and have their Judgements rectified, and reform'd by the Authoritie of great Men, who have declared themselves Fautours of Erudition. This Example of *Alexander*, sub-jecting himselfe to bee the Disciple of *Aristotle*, shall bee the Leader. Before hee attempted the subduing of the World, hee desired to know what the World was, and it is likely that the knowledge of it invited him to the conquest thereof. How he doted on *Homers* Works is notorious even to Dablers in Story. The same *Alexander* it was, who would have no difference of Habit betweene the *Grecian* and the *Barbarian*, saying, that their knowledge, and their ignorance, were markes sufficient to distinguish them. That incomparable Prince *Alphonfus* King of *Spain*, *Sicily*, and *Naples*, (*Coetanian* with *Charles* the Seventh of *France*) after he had once read in *Saint Augustine*, that an illiterate King was no other then an Asse crowned, had ignorance in such detestation, that where ever hee went, and at all times whether in Warre, or Peace, hee endeavour'd both by Reading, and Conference, to better his Understanding, and at so high a rate he valued Science that hee gave for his Crest, *A Book open*. It was a frequent saying with him, *That his dead Counsellours, his Books, were to him farre better then the living, since they*
with-

without flattery, Feare, or bashfulnesse, presented to him Truth naked without any disguising Cover-
 ture. I ingeniously confesse, I never reade that speech of *Solon*, without infinite delight, who lying on his Death-bed, & over-hearing some of his learned Visitants desputing and deciding some subtile question or other, attentively listned to their Disputation, which a stander by observing, demanded of him why he now ready to leave the world, should give eare to their discourse: to whom he made this answer, worthy to be treasured up in all memories; *Ut cum illud audiero moriar doctior*. That when I have heard that poynt discuss'd, I may dye the more learned. *Aristippus* being demanded by one, in what his sonne should bee better'd if he learnt the Arts, and Sciences; answer'd. *Etsi nulla alia in re, nequit, certè vel in hoc, quod in Theatro non sedebit lapis supra lapidem*: If in nothing else, saith he, yet truly in this, that hee shall not sit in the Theater one stone upon another. The same Philosopher often protested that hee had rather bee a Begger than a Foole, in that the former onely wants money, the latter humanity. *Antisthenes* confounded the studious, and the noble, and admonish'd his Scholars, that learning was the onely *Viaticum*, that in stormes and shipwracke when all things else perish'd, would boy up in spights of evill Fortune. *Aristotle* was so great a student, that when he went to rest, he used to hold in his hand a Ball of Brasse over a
 E 3 large

large Baton of the same Mettall, that when hee slept, the noyse of the Ball falling into the Bason might awaken him. To one who asked him how the Learned differ'd from the ignorant, hee replyed, *ut Viventes a Mortuis : As the Living from the Dead.* Hee would often repeate this his owne speech, *That Learning was an Ornament in prosperity, in adversity a Refuge ; and that Tutors were farre to bee preferr'd by Children, before Naturall Parents, because they received from the later the benefit of living onely : but from the former the felicity of living well, and blessedly.* I dwell the longer on this poynt that it may serve as an Admonition to all parents, especially the more Noble to bestow on their Children a breeding answerable to their Birth. In elder times, a Sonne was discharged in all duty of obeying, comforting, and relieving his parents in their Age, if he could prove that they had neglected to instruct him in his Youth. The Ancients held, that they who provided Lands, and ample possessions for their posterity on whom to bestow a learned Education, they would would not be at the charge, resembled a silly fellow, that hath more care of his shooes than his feete. They thought that the heaping up of Riches for a flat-witted Coxcombe, who knowes not how to use them, was as if a faire sweete Lute should bee presented to one who knowes not how to make it speake harmoniously. They deemed ignorance to bee
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at best but a dead Sepulcher, in which many were buried alive,

Of the same minde were the tender parents of this sweet young Lord, and therefore incessantly exhorted him to be carefull rather of augmenting his Knowledge than his Estate, whom he readily obeyed, his ambition & their will being like two Lines that meete in one Center. The first shew of his inclination to vertue, was his love to Science, and her Favourites, which I may properly call the entry to that future Glory which vertue intended him, and Time deprived him of. Though he had Lands to till, he forgot not to manure his mind: Some by necessity are constrained to study hard, he by delight was invited to his Book. He was none of those who imagine all that time lost which they lose not, accounting all those Houres mis-spent which they take from their pleasures, & give to their studies. He would praise every man that aspir'd to Knowledge, whether hee were his superiour, his inferiour, or his equall in Learning. His Superiour had his best words as his due, because he deserved them. His equall he would not despise, lest he should be thought to undervalue himselfe; and his inferiour hee would not contemne or insult over: for he held it no glory to excell the inglorious. The very desire of Learning he thought laudable in any man, much more the Acquisition of it. It was an infallible Maxime with him, that except those Eternall Workes

Workes of the soule, wee can properly call nothing ours, in that all other things wee leave behind us find other owners. He therefore labour'd that by a barbarous Ignorance hee made not a forfeit of an Inheritance so inestimable as is a faire Fame, which was able to make all the survivours of his name happy sharers in that honour posterity shall pay him. But what was the scope of his study? was it accutely to scold and wrangle, after the manner of the Times? No, his thoughts could not but bee at peace, whose spirit was composed of nothing but sweetnesse and mildnesse. Was it to pry into the unrevealed Mysteries of the Deity? Nothing lesse; for hee had found that many secrets in Nature, remaine yet unexplicable, much more then are those of God inscrutable, and impenetrable by any humane eye. He had purus'd the Fable of the Poets, which tells us that *Minerva* strooke *Tyresias* blind, for beholding her naked. The Morall is full, and significant, implying that the Deity must not be over-curiously searcht into. Was it for Vaine-glory, and to learne things more curious than profitable? No, he could not be proud of Knowledge, who understood that man was ignorant, and a stranger to himselfe, till God reveal'd him to himselfe. He learnt nothing being a Child, that would not prove advantageous to him being a Man. He hated superfluous Science, and made choise of such Authors onely as may instruct, not distract his

his minde. He knew it fared with the soule as with the body, which is not nourish'd by the greedy devouring of much, but the good digestion of a little. He made, according to the Proverbe, no more haste than good speed, finding, that to come to the end of a long journey required not to runne a pace, but to be ever going. Was it language and words he onely hunted after? Neither of those, for he loved the Kinnell farre better than the shell. If none of these, what then was the aime of his study? surely nothing but vertue, which hee knew to bee *Res, non Verbum*, as one sayes, *A Thing, not a Word onely*. And understanding that the Poets feigne her to have short armes, inferring, that he who covets to be embrac'd by her, must make a neare approach to her before hee can come within her reach, and attaine to that supream Happiness; he came so close up to her, and convers'd so frequently with her, that all his actions ever after savour'd of her sweetnesse. Her hee made his supporter, knowing that ingenicus Antiquity represented her to us by a Hieroglyphick, whose toppe parts two wayes, and resembles a Musket Rest, to denote the aide and support shee affords those that put their trust in her. And because she divides her selfe into many branches, whereof some are divine, some morrall, he resolved seriously, and intently to practise, first the former then the later. The three Theologicall hee first chose to exercise

F him-

himselfe in, were Humility, Obedience, and Charity; and that taske ended, hee purposed to make a strong Essay to gaine a habit in all the Cardinall, and lesser Morall Vertues. In the service of these he made a vow to spend the remainder of his dayes, setting apart the vertues of *Italy*, where every Painter, Dancer, Tooth-drawer, and Mountebanke is cald a *Vertuoso*.

Here his religious parents stept in againe to his ayde, who did not imitate the Images of *Mercury* set up in times past in the common Roades, with the fore-finger poynting out the way to passengers, but standing still themselves, not bearing them company. This loving couple (as happy in themselves, as in him) were his guides not onely by Advice, but Action.

Humillity
extolled in
it selfe and
him.

The reason why hee beganne with Humillity was, that it render'd him more apt and able to acquire the rest, and was the vertue his, and our blessed Master commenc'd and ended with, and all the Saints in imitation of him have studied, and with diligence put in practice. Our sweetest Saviour forbade his Disciples to divulge his miracles, least the World might thinke he gloryed in them, as appeares by his cure of the Leprous, of the Blind, of the Lame, and of the Dumbe, &c. In his Transfiguration hee gave them the same charge; *Reveale this Vision to no body*. His Disciples demanding who should be the greatest in the Kingdome of Heaven, he answered, *Whosoever shall humble himselfe like*
one

one of these little ones, shall bee greatest there. What taught he but Humility, when hee said, When thou art invited to a wedding, take not the first place at the Table. What can perswade a man sooner to avoyd Vaine-glory, and to enrole himselfe amongst the servants of Humility, than his moving example of the Pharisee, and the Publican? He made choise to bee conceived of a poore humble Mother, and to bee borne not onely in no remarkable Country, but in a Stable, where beasts onely were witnesses of his Birth. Thirty yeares hee lurked in the World, in somuch that we read little or nothing of him in all that time, save that when hee was twelve yeares old, hee was found hearing, interrogating, and determining in the Temple. About his thirtieth yeare hee sent not for Saint John Baptist, but came to him, and demanded Baptisme at his hands: wherein wee learne a profitable lesson for the proud, who disdain to visite their Inferiours. Hee that came from Heaven scorn'd not to waite on earth, on his owne servant: and shall insolent men who live on earth, and are made of earth, scorne or grudge to give each other a visite? He began his preaching in the same humble manner as John did, Repent, &c. He intruded not into the Nuptials of the rich and lofty, but of the meeke, and penurious, where Wine was wanting. When hee understood they meant to make him a King, hee flew into the Mountaines to conceale himselfe.

He being Lord of all things, paid Tribute as a servant. Hee travailed commonly on foot, and when he was weary, hungry, and dry, his lodging and fare were little better then that of the irrationall Creatures. This is with ease proved, for he complains himselfe, that hee hath not a house to put his head in: and wee finde that when hee was faint and thirsty, hee had no other repose then on the ground, nor no other drinke then that pure Water drawne for him, by that purer *Samaritan*. Hee elected humble Disciples, and preached to them Humility. Hee said not to them, *Be Omnipotent as I am Omnipotent, Be Wise as I am Wise*; No, no, his Doctrine flew a lower pitch, and was delivered in a more stooping phrase, *Be humble, as I am humble*. He named himselfe the sonne of man, oftner then the sonne of God, and though hee was truly both, in that he participated of both Natures, yet hee chose his Denomination oftner from the inferiour nature then from the superiour. Hee made his Entry into *Hierusalem*, not like a Triumpher in a Chariot, nor on a proud Courser with rich Trappings, but on a sily Ass void of rich Furniture. Being to depart out of this World, that he might leave behind him an unequall'd and unheard of Example of Humilitie, he wash'd his Disciples feet, and wip'd them with the linnen cloth wherewith hee was girt. Lastly, every circumstance of his Passion rellisheth humilitie. Did the Saints digresse a whit from this path trod by their
their

their Redeemer? Surely no, one prooffe where-
of we have in St. *Jahn Baptist*, whose thoughts,
deeds, and words were all humble. The *Jewes*
enquiring of him whether hee were Christ, or a
Prophet, he answered negatively to both: where-
as our Saviour protesteth that the Humane Race
could never boast of a greater then he. Hee assu-
med no higher a stile then, *I am the voice in the*
Wildernesse, &c. His Diet, his Raiment, and his
Lodging were all contemptible. How often did
that faire recover'd Bankrupt of all Grace, *Mary*
Magdalene, fall at our Saviours feet, and wash
them with her teares? After the miraculous cure
of the lame by *Peter*; his speech was lowly, not
attributing the fact to himselfe, but to the divine
Vertue, and the Invocation of the Name of JE-
SUS. When upon his entry into *Cesaria*, *Cornelius*
meeting him fell at his feet, hee rais'd him
up, saying, *I am a man also as thou art.* *Paul*, and
Barnabas hearing that the Inhabitants of the
City of *Lystria*, concluded they were Gods
and resolved to sacrifice to them, cut their
garments in pieces, and running into the
midst of the Throng, cried out; *What mean you*
to do? Wee are no other then poore Mortals, as
you are; Yet with this their clamour could they
hardly keep the superstitious people from sacrific-
ing to them. *Paul* submitted himselfe to learne
of *Aquila*, and *Priscilla*, the Art of Tent-making,
and got his living by it. This last, but most lear-
ned of the Apostles, was a submissive petitioner

for the prayers of others. *I beseech you Brethren,* saith he, *even in the Name of our Lord Iesus Christ, and the Charitie of the Holy Ghost, to assist me with your Prayers.* In other places hee termeth himselfe the least of the Apostles, and professeth that he deserveth not the name of an Apostle. In his Epistle to Timothy, hee descendeth yet lower; *Iesus*, saith hee, *came into the world to save Sinners, whereof I am the chiefe.* Of the same Humility rellish these his meeke formes of speech, *Not aspiring to height of Knowledge, and thinking themselves superiours to one another onely in Humilitie.* *Armatura tutissima animi Modestia,* saith Saint Basil, *A modest humble minde is an Armour of prooffe.* Wittily Saint Bernard, *As the morning Light is a sure signe that the Sun is entering into our Hemisphere; so the very dawne of Humility in any man, is an infallible Token of approaching Grace.* This is the Vertue that sweetens all the rest, and a good Frame, and securitie ever attend it. By this the holy Martyrs have triumph'd over Tyranny, and Death, and by it have obtain'd the eternall Crown of Glory they now weare. He who void of Humility, seeks to engrosse other Vertues, doe like him who gathereth dust to throw it against the winde. This Vertue never entred into the Heads or Heart so of the Heathen. *Nulla tanta est Humilitas,* (saith Valerius Maximus) *que dulcedine Gloria non tangatur:* There is no Humilitie so great, as to be altogether senselesse of the sweetnesse of Glory. *Hu- milis*

milis satis est (they be the words of *Livy*) *qui a quo jure satis vivit, nec inferendo injuriam, nec patiendoe etiam*: He is humble enough, who is a just observer of this equal Law, neither to all, nor suffer an injury. To these I may adde that of *Iso-crates*; *Legi, Principi, & sapientiori cedere modestum est*: It is the part of a modest humble man to subject himselfe to the Law, his Prince, and those in wisdom above him. The Philosophers in the beginning were so proud as to assume to themselves the stile of *Wisemen*, *Pythagoras* being the first, (as witnesseth *Laertius*) that modestly called himself a *Philosopher*, that is, a Lover of *Wisdom*. *Socrates*, indeed, seemed to look towards *Humility*, when hee said, *Hoc tantum scio me nihil scire*: I onely know this that I know nothing. But this was spoken respectfully, that what hee knew, was nothing in respect of that whereof he was ignorant. The *Stoicall*, *Magniloquent* Sect utterly excluded *Humility*, and the *Cynick* though hee appeared sordid and abject, was thought by other Sects as inwardly haughty as hee was outwardly dejected, which was intimated by his speech, who said to one of them, *That hee espyed his pride through the hole in his Cloake*. The Poets went this way altogether, as farre as they,

— *Valeat in ma summis*
Mutare & insignem attenuat Deus,
Obscura ptomens, —

As

As saith the *Horace*, and *Seneca* in his *Thyeste*; addeth,

Laus vera humili sapè contigit viro.

In this submissive Vertue this our sweete Bud of Honour grew to such a height, that hee had many noble Emulatours who aspired to climbe to the same degree. Hee made Mans miserable condition the Mirrour wherein his Humilitie beheld her selfe. Hee rightly conceived, that as the Tree that growes high must take deep root: so the Minde that ascends to God must first prostrate it selfe before him. His sanctified soule (if her Creatour accepted of her poore endeavours) was altogether carelesse of the applause of men, like a chaste Spouse, who being ravish'd with the delight she takes in the kisses and embraces of her Husband, is nothing at all mindfull or carefull of the frownes, or favours of others: yet did she humbly comply with all men as farre as the Service, and Honour of her Maker would give her leave.

Obedience
commended
in it selfe, and
him.

This Vertue prepar'd him to receive the yoke of Obedience, which he readily put on, and never after disobediently cast off. He was conformable in all things to the Word of God, the Church, his Prince, Parents, Tutours, and Superiours. That there was a God hee learn'd from the Order, and Beauty of the Universe, which to attribute to the Vertue, or power of things crea-

created were to ascribe the motion of the wheel to the wheele it selfe, or the Excellencie of an Image to the Pensill. Hee saw nothing that put him not in minde of God, but being admitted to be a member of his mysticall Body, his Church, he there saw him more cleerly, spake to him, and receiv'd from him his divine behests, of which he forthwith vowed himselfe a most obedient, and religious observer.

The Duty hee owed his Parents, Nature had ingrafted in him, and Grace had assured him that hee deserves neither the stile of Noble, nor of Man, who neglects to bee dutifull to those to whom he owes his Life, and Being. A reverence to these in-seated in the Bloud. Two strange demonstrations of this Veritie wee finde in *Livie*, and *Valerius Maximus*. The first is, that *Marcus Pomponius* having accused *Lucius Manlius* of cruelty to *Titus Manlius* his sonne, the said *Titus* went to the House of *Pomponius* then Tribune, and with his Sword drawne, threatned to kill him, unlesse hee would sweare to let the Proesse fall against his Father, and forced him to take that Oath. The later in *Valerius Maximus*, is of a Woman condemned to die by Famine, whom her Daughter then a Nurse (having leave daily to visit her Mother) nourished with her milke, which pious deceit of hers being detected, bred that relenting, and astonishment in the hearts of the Judges, that they not only pardoned the Mother, but in memory of this pious, dutifull

His obedience
to his parents.

Two rare ex-
amples of fi-
liall duty, and
pietic.

fact of the Daughter, razed the Prison to the ground, and erected in the same place a Temple to Pietie. *Diceret aliquis*, saith *Valerius*, *hoc esse contra legem Naturæ, nisi Naturæ primæ lex esset diligere parentes*: A man would say, that for the Daughter to give suck to the Mother were a thing preposterous, and against Nature, were it not that the first Law of Nature is to love our Parents. *Aristotle* affirms, that the Storks nourish their Dammes, in way of a gratefull recompensation of their care, and pains in breeding them. *Quicquid præstiti*, saith *Seneca*, *infra estimationem Paterni Muneris est*: What ever I have perform'd, comes short of the Benefits for which I stand a Debtor to my Father. None but Monsters of Ingratitude forget such blessings as these.

His obedience
to his Tutors.

His Tutors he honour'd and obey'd, not for feare of punishment, but love of Discipline. Hee sufferd not himselfe to be hail'd, and dragg'd to his Book, but was as sedulous in learning as his Masters in teaching, who (no doubt) had told him that the Muses love a smiling Schollar, not one who lowers on them, and beholds the Schoole with the same countenance Malefactors looke on the Gibbet. I cannot say whether his alacrity in receiving, or his care in executing his Tutors commands were the greater.

The esteeme of the holy Prophets, Apostles, and Fathers of the Church had this Vertue in ought to advance it much in our esteeme. God bound man to obedience presently after his creation

tion in the state of innocencie, the breach whereof hee severely punish'd. *Noah* readily obey'd all Gods commands when the Floud was at hand. The swift obedience of *Abraham* was admirable, when without any delay at all, he made haste to sacrifice his sonne, and with his owne hands to let out his own blood. It is worthy our observation, that when ever the Children of *Israel*, or any of Gods servants fought with, or against his will, they had accordingly good, or bad successe. God told that if hee willingly executed all his precepts, hee would ever fixe the Throne of his Kingdome in *Hierusalem*: but on the contrary, if he did not perform them, he would cut *Israel* from off the face of the earth. Therefore, saith *S. Gregory*, *is obedience better then sacrifice, because by sacrifice anothers flesh, but by obedience our own wils are subdued, slaine, and offered up to the Almighty. An obedient man, saith Saint Bernard, defers not the execution of a command, but straight prepares his eares to heare, his Tongue to speake, his feet to walke, his hands to worke, and all his thoughts are fix'd on the will of his Commander.* And in another place, the same Father saith, *That there is, no doubt, but hee deserves more grace, and favour, who prepares and makes himselfe readie to receive a command, then hee who willingly executes the same.* To this alludes that of *Plantus*,

—— Pater adsum,
*Impera quid vis, neque tibi ero in mora,
 Neque latebrosè me abs tuo conspectu occultabo.*

And that of Terence,

*Facis ut te decet cum isthoc quod postulo impe-
 tro cum gratia.*

Wee will conclude this point with that which
Ovid speaks of *Achilles*.

*Qui toties socios, toties exterruit hostes,
 Creditur annosum pertinuisse senem.*

Charitie prai-
 sed in it selfe,
 and him.

The next that presents it selfe to our view is
 Charity, a Vertue that will usher any man to
 Gods presence, who is ambitious of that greatest
 of Glories. This Love is the King of all the pas-
 sions of the soule, and morions of the Heart, he
 attracts all the rest to him, and renders them con-
 formable to himselfe. His Essence consists in do-
 ing good works readily, diligently, frequently.
 Let us heare that excellent Father Saint *Augu-
 stine* magnifie this Vertue. *In Charity, saith hee,
 the poore are rich, and without it the rich are poor.
 This sustaines us in adversitie, tempers us in pro-
 sperity, fortifies us against unruly passions, and
 makes us joyfully do good works. This was it made
 Abel delightfull in Sacrifice, Noah secure in the
 Flond,*

Floud, Abraham faithfull in his peregrination, Moses merry amidst injuries, and David meek in tribulation. This made the fire a playsellow to the Children in the Furnace. This caused Susanna to be chaste above the temptations of man. Anna after the use of man, and the blessed Virgin without the knowledge of man. This animated Paul to be free in arguing, Peter humble in obeying, the Christians gentle in their confessions, and Christ himselfe prone to pardon sinners. What shall I say? should I speake with the tongues of men, and Angels, and want Charitie. I were nothing, it being the soule of Divine Knowledge, the Vertue of Prophecie, the salvation contained in the Sacraments, the fruit of Faith, the riches of the poore, and the life of the dying. He addes, A man may have all the Sacraments and yet be evil, but he cannot have Charitie and be so. Againe, Science if it be alone, is puffed up with pride, but because Charitie edifies, she suffers not Knowledge to swell. He calls it in another place, the cement of soules, and the societie of the Faithfull. Saint Hierome commends it to us in these words. I do not remember any one hath died an ill death, who willingly perform'd the Works of Charity: the reason is because hee hath many Intercessours, and it is a thing impossible that the prayers of many should not penetrate the sacred eares of God. Sweetly, saith St. Gregory. As many boughs spring from one root; so many Vertues are deriv'd from Charitie alone, in which not rooted, no branch of goodnesse can flourish. To these Suffrages,

frages, I will adde that of *Hugo*, O divine *Charitie*, I know not how I should speake more in thy prayse, then that thou didst draw *God* from Heaven to Earth, and didst exalt *Man* from Earth to Heaven. Needs must thy force be great, since by thee *God* was so humbled, and *Man* so exalted.

His love to
his Friends.

In so few yeares as fourteene, a man can expect onely a propension to this, and all other Vertues: yet he that looks for no small progresse in this, and most of the other (for the practice of some are not incident to that tender age) shall not have his expectation deceiv'd. For his *Charity*, I may truly averre, that it was extensive not onely to his friends, and acquaintance, but to the poore, to strangers, and enemies also. Some friends he chose both for support, and ornament, as appeares by his love, and imitation of his truly good, and great Guardian, the Earle of *Arundell*, Lord Marshall of *England*, for no sooner had age ripened his judgement, but hee elected him for the object of his affections, and the modell of his actions. A copy drawne from so faire an originall, you will say could not prove deform'd. Others hee chose for delight, and all hee lov'd with a heart wherein Truth kept her Court. Some he would to his power so suddenly, secretly, and cunningly relieve, that they often times found their wants supplied, before they knew from whence the benefit came, resembling in this a Physician, who cures his patient unawares, before he dreams of a recovery. Hee ap-

approved that speech of *Diogenes*, *Manus ad amicos non complicatis digitis extendi oportere*: That a closed hand is not to bee reached out to a Friend. Where he discovered a compleat worth, he disdained not to be a suitor, and first to make an offer of his service, in imitation of a Husbandman, who first tilleth, and soweth the ground, and then expects the fruit of his labour. His word, and the effect of it, were as inseparable as hear and fire. This true property of a Gentleman the Ancients decipher'd to us, when they painted a Tongue bound fast to a Heart. He was no importunate, or severe Exactor of the returne of a love answerable in greatnesse to his owne; wisely, and nobly considering that hee is no true friend who is alwayes no more a friend then his friend is.

Marry (I must confesse) hee was exceedingly curious, and cautious in his choice, following in that the counsell of *Bia* the Philosopher, *Amicos sequere quos non pudeat elegisse*: Follow such friends whom to have chosen you need not be ashamed. Hee applauded that of *Anacharsis*, *Multo melius est amicum unum egregium quam gregarios multos possidere*. It is farre better to enjoy one brave Friend then many meane and vulgar. Hee knew that they who in haste, and without mature advise contract friendship, suffer the same inconvenience as they do, who greedily and hastily devoure sundry meates which they can neither quickly with ease and safety cast up, nor retaine.

His curiositie
in the choice
of his friends.

taine. He discreetly weighed, that friendship made with the wicked, is as unstable Vice, the Basis whereon it is built. As the Ocean with great labour strives to worke all dead bodies to the shore; so a generous friendship expells all such as are lost, and dead in sinne. It is not enough to be wise and good our selves, but we must not keepe the foolish and the wicked company, except we will incurre the censure of the World, and be our selves thought such. Vice, and the Vicious he fought with, after the manner of the *Parthians*, flying. If his dearest friend had solicited him to joyne with him in any act not warranted by Vertue, he would have answered him with *Pericles*, who to an intimate friend that wooed him to forsware himselfe in his behalfe, replied; *I am my friends friend as farre as the Altars.* As if he should had said, *I will passe for thee through all miseries, dangers, and shipwracks, save that of Conscience, which like a Maid of Honour, I must preserve inniolated, and immaculate.*

A herd of
Friends hee
lov'd not.

As he was extreemly nice, and carefull, not to entertaine debauch't friends, so was hee also resolv'd not to admit of many. He was not ignorant that a River which hath many Armes, and out-lets, is alwayes in danger of being low, and drye. *Plutarch* maintaines, hee cannot be faithfull, and honest, who hath a herd of friends, because many may want his Faith, and assistance at one and the same time, to all which hee cannot bee

bee serviceable. But those he had once judicially chosen, and on whom he had fixed his affection hee still regarded with the same countenance; whether they were in a flood, or an ebbe of Fortune, cleane contrary to the course of flatterers, and dissemblers, who fawne on their friends in aboundance, and forsake them in penury, not unlike in this to Flies, which come in swarmes to a Kitchin full of flesh, and abandon it empty.

His affection to his friends tooke nothing from his care, and love of the poore. It was not hidden from him, that the chiefe worke of mercy, is to have pittie on a mans owne soule; hee therefore first endeavoured to mundifie his owne heart, knowing that God more than man respects the pure minde of the giver. True it is, he was in his Nonage, and had no great store out of which his Liberallity should flow, but all hee could spare Charity dispos'd of. God Crownes the intent where he findes not the faculty. Legitimate Mercy proceedes not from a full purse, but a free bosome. He that in his heart compassionates his neighbours infortunity, deserves more of him, and in the sight of God, than hee who gives him onely a materiall Almes, for hee who gives, parteth onely with his outward substance; but he who affords the indigent sighes, teares, and groanes, imparts that which comes from within, from the very Center of the soule. He kept to himselfe onely what was necessary,

His love to
the poore.

H

cessary,

cessary, and the superfluous he imparted to the Needy. Hee piously meditated, that Poverty is a consecrated Field, that quickly returns the sower a plentiful harvest. It fares with spirituall, as with temporall Husbandry, unlesse seed be scattered, no encrease can be expected. He laid up his Treasure in his true eternal Country, Heaven: He thought continually that he heard the voice of his Saviour thus saying. *I was thy Benefactor, now make me thy Debtour, become my Vsurer, and thou shalt centuply receive the Summe thou disbursest.* In obedience to his command he assisted, as farre as in him lay, all that wanted. He that gives indifferently to all, shall ever bee mercifull, but he who sits upon the Lives of the poore, and judgeth them according to their faults, not their necessities, shall seldome or never doe good. We ought to cast our eye on nature, not on the person, according to that of *Aristotle*, who being reprehended for succouring a Lewd, but poore man, replied, *De Humanitati, non Homini. I give to Humane Nature, not to the man.* He murders the poor, who denyes him that whereby he subsists. Most accursed is he who shuts up in his Coffers the Health and Life of the distressed. In vain he lifts up his hands to heaven, who extends them not to the succor of the afflicted. It is a lovely ruine, and a pleasing spectacle to Christ, to see a devoute man undoe himself with his own hands, in freely and readily bestowing all that he hath on the naked. But oh! it is deservedly to be lamented that

that the whilome downy open hands of mercy are now shut, and brawny, and that most men either out of a flinty Nature, or out of a needlesse feare to be thought Vaine-glorious leave to be pious. To the former hard-hearted brood, whom no misery of another can move. I wil say with *Pliny*, If they merit the Epithets of wise & valiant they shall not be denyed them, but we will never grant they shall be stiled wise, and valiant men Men, since they have unman'd themselves, lost their bowels, and cast off all Humanity. The later, who make Vaine-glory their scruple, I can assure that the Benefit is not despicable before God, which is confirm'd in the sight of men, but that which is done to the end men may see it.

From his proneesse in giving, we now come to his readinesse in forgiving, another office of Charity, executed with farre greater difficulty than any of the former. To love desert in friends, or supply the wants of the needy, reason and Nature invite us, but to suffer disgraces, and intollerable injuries from worthles men, is a thing they both abhorre: for that of *Seneca* is most true, *Duplicat dolorem sustinentis indignitas Inferentis*. The grieve of the sustainer is doubled by the indignity of the Afflictor. Appositively to this *Cicero*, *Qui se non defendit, nec obsistit injuria, si potest, tam est in vitio quam si parentes, aut amicos, aut patriam deserat*: Hee who defendeth not himselfe, and repelleth not an injury, if he can, commits as great a crime as he that forsakes his Parents,

His ready for-
giving of in-
juries.

am mol. V
in bodin
and in 515

Friends, or Countrey. It is a thing not very hard for flesh and blood to rejoyce in God, and his Blessings, but very difficult it is to take pleasure in all Slanders, Infamy, and Persecutions for his sake: for that gentle submissive soule, into which Ambition, nor the least thought of honour ever entered, would yet most gladly avoyd all abuses, and dishonours. But our now truly blessed one, the beloved Theme wee now handle, had learnt this holy humble Art of him, whose life was nothing but a continued passion. All injuries intended, or acted against himselfe he could freely pardon: but those which were directed against the Majesty and dignity of his Maker, he could not endure. In such a case a holy Fury becomes the Child of God. It savour'd in his opinion of more piety and wisdom, to overcome a slight injury, that reached not to his Parentage, or Religion, with silence, than with a tart replye; having found in Story, that small words have overthrowne great Cities. No wrong being equall to that which is done with reproach, and contumely, in that to an Heroicke Spirit the losse of blood is not so grievous as that of Reputation.

Valour magnified in it selfe and him.

We will now descend from the Divine to the Morall Vertues, amongst which Valour (according to the generall vulgar beliefe) is the first required in a Lord, or Cavallier. Therefore the Poets feigne the god of Warre himselfe to bee borne in *Thrace*, because the people of that Coun-

Country are hardy, and courageous. This was to denote that Fortitude usuall resides amongst men of a generous, and lofty straine, whose Education leads them to knowledge in good Letters, which at once informs them of the Renown of their Ancestors; and that the image of *Fabre* was ever placed before the Temple of *Mars*, to intimate, that the great exploits of daring, and undaunted men, are by her carried into every corner of the earth. It will not bee amisse here to insert the judgements of the Fathers of the Church, passed on this vertue. *St. Austin* shall be the *Chorus*: *Qui vera virtute fortis est nec temere audet, nec in inconsultè timet.* He who is truly valorous neither dares rashly, nor feares unadvisedly. That of *St. Hierome* deserves our observation. *Fortitudo via Regia est, aqua declinat ad dextram qui temerarius est, & pertinax, ad sinistram qui formidolosus est, & pavidus: Fortitude is the Kings high way, from which he swarves on the right hand, who is soole hardy, and obstinate: He on the left hand who is cowardly, and fearefull.* Wisely and pertinently *Cassiodorus*. *Vir vocatus, a viribus, qui nescit in adversis tolerando deficere, aut in prosperis aliqua elatione se jactare, sed animo stabili defixus, et Cælestium rerum contemplatione firmatur manet semper in pavidus.* *Man* is so called from his strong and manly mind, which knowes not how to faint in suffering adversity, nor to boast & insult in prosperity, but fixed in a stable resolution, and confirmed by

the contemplation of heavenly things remayns evermore fearelesse. The Heathens themselves differed not in opinion from these holy men, as Cicero testifies in his Rhetoricks: *Sicut scientia remota iustitia caliditas potius quam sapientia appellanda est: sic animus ad periculum paratus si sua cupiditate, non aliena utilitate impellitur Temeritatis potius nomen habet quam Fortitudinis: As Knowledge not accompanied with Justice, is rather to be called Craft then Wisdome: so a minde readie to encounter danger, if it be driven thereunto by its owne desire and pleasure, not the publick profit, meriteth rather the name of Temerity then Valour. In the same place, hee thus defines Fortitude. Fortitudo est immobilis inter adversa gloriosa animi claritudo res arduas pulchrè administrans, quæ nec adversis infestando frangitur, nec prosperis blandiendo elevatur: Fortitude is an unmoved glorious serenity of the mind fairly administering things difficult, which is neither broken nor dejected with the frowns of Fortune, nor puffed up with her smiles.*

All men admire, few understand what valour is.

This Vertue is justly admir'd of all, truly understood, and practised but by a few. Some think it valour to kill themselves, some to injure and provoke others, and almost all believe that a valiant man ought to feare nothing. For the first, that a man ought not to lay violent hands on himselfe all good Christians conclude. Aristotle thus cryes, this self-murther done: *Mollitudinis est laboriosa fugere: It argues a man of Effeminacie*

cie to seek by Death to flie from the troubles, and labours of this life. This Philosopher, and the *Pythagoreans* held that as a souldier ought not to leave his station without the command of his Generall. So no man should dare to goe out of this life without the leave of God, and Nature that gave it him. Wee will therefore spare the proote of a thing so universally granted by all Christians, and many Philosophers. But withall the strength of Divinity and Philosophy, I shall never bee able to convince the greater part of Mankind of another error almost as damnable as this, and that is a foolish, and pernicious Tenent, that they may lawfully send Challenges, and accept of them, though the occasion of the quarrell be Wine, Dice, or prostituted Women. Nay, many a man is the Martyr of Temperancie, and is kill'd because hee will not excessively drinke. I knew two Gentlemen of great qualitie, and little wit, fall out in a Taverne upon a protestation of the greatnesse of their mutuall love each to other. In this ardencie, each strove for prioritie in affection. One said, *Thou art dearer to me then I to thee*, whereupon the other replied with *the Lie*, and was run thorough in the place where he stood. *Monsieur de la Noue* a valiant and learned *French* Captaine demonstrates the misery of these Duels upon slight occasions, by an infortunie that befell himselfe in the like case. Hee being importun'd by a Gentleman of his Nation, not Acquaintance, to be his Second; wil-

willingly, and thankfully condescended to his Request; for, indeed, the *French* think themselves never so much honour'd as when their friends value them at so high a rate, as to put their Honours, and Lives into their custodie. Well, this brave Second associated his Principall into the Field, where they were to fight two to two. He no sooner arrived there, but with grief and horror hee beheld his neereft Kinsman, and dearest friend hee had in the World ready to encounter him, as being the opposite Second. You may easily conceive, what a combat there was in his noble brest betweene Honour and Affection, but the former being a Tyrant quickly overcame, and suppress'd the later, and violently hal'd this great Commander to combat his Friend, who there fell under his sword. I will omit all other examples, for all come short of this. *Non mediocris animi est fortitudo*, saith Saint *Ambrose*, *que sola defendit ornamenta virtutum omnium*: Fortitude beares no meane dejected minde, which alone defends the Graces, and Ornaments of all the other Vertues. Sure I am, the most part of our Gentry put it to a cleane contrary use, and exercise it onely in the defence of Vice, and her deformed Litter. These silly brothers of the Sword either by the force of Drinke, Fury, or Ignorance, are rendred as stupid as the Natives of *Barbary* are with the excessive eating of *Opium*, which hurries them into Quarrels, that Grace and Nature both tremble at

at. The *Spartans* ever before a battaile, tempered and allaid the choler of their Souldiers with the melodie of the Flute, and other instruments, that so their anger might not deface their Reason. We had need of some charming Musick to qualifie the heate and rage of our Rorers. Hardly will they endure the Test of the Scripture, who cannot undergo that of *Aristotle*. First, sayes he, a valiant man fights not for feare of Infamy, or Reprehension. Secondly, not for the awe hee stands in of Military Discipline. Thirdly, not out of confidence of his skill in the Military Art, or of his own strength and armature. Fourthly, not being urged thereto by the violence of naturall passions, as Anger, Griefe, Lust, and the like. Fifthly, not out of ignorance of his enemies force, nor out of feare of servitude, or hope of bootie. Sixtly, a valiant man is the Champion of honestie; for which onely hee is to combate all that oppose it. He could not imagine any thing in excellencie above Honesty, which he still makes his utmost scope, not being so blessedly subtile as to discern God and his Church. Examine wel all these Requisites of Valour, and how many now a dayes shall we discover, and allow valiant; most men fighting against all the Rules of Honesty, and the Laws of God? If our Nobility and Gentry shall diligently peruse ancient Histories, they shall finde that their renowned Ancestours never ascended to the Throne of Honour this way. Debaushes, Quarrels, and Duels were not the degrees by which they

they mounted. They singl'd not out an enemy in the field upon exchange of idle words, never drawing their swords but to rescue their Countrey out of the jaws of Ruine, or their Prince from the Height of a Breach, or from the Centre of the Enemies Battalion. The Valour not thus nobly imploy'd, they reputed no other then a womanish choler, a simple passion and a feeble revenge unworthy of a man magnanimous. Certainly, our Gallants cannot but imagine the great *Alexander*, and the mightie *Julius* to be nothing inferiour to them in this Vertue, yet did not they judge that a foolish hastie word should be put in ballance with a Life. These Master-spirits of the World were utterly ignorant what reparation of Honour the Lie claimed, and of the circumstances in managing a Quarrell, which these Hacksters make our yonger sort believe to be a Mystery, and by this ridiculous Science get their Livings. Those great Worthies concluded that the offence alwayes return'd upon his head that offerd it. From these single, bloody Encounters, what can Gentlemen expect other then if they kill, to have their Lands confiscated to the King, and (if married) to have their Wives and Children live by the succour of the Knapfack, to leave infamy to their Posterity, and to have no other Historiographer then the Hangman, whereas their lives lost in a set Battaile, would make them ever live in the best Chronicles of theirs, and after times. Now suppose they fall
them-

themselves under their enemies hands, what can ensue but a burial of their Names together with their bones, and (without Gods infinite extraordinary mercy) the damnation of their soules? These Duels, and the Horse-races of our Gentry so much in request with them, have two goodly originals. The first began amongst the slaves of *Hannibal*, after he had passed the *Alpes*, and the later amongst the Butchers of *Barnet*, who (their *London Markers* once ended) soundly dows'd in drinke, used to run home for wagers. What will these Fighters say, if I prove to them out of the great Secretary of Nature, *Aristotle*, that a man may feare, and yet be valiant? First, saith he, *a valiant man may dread all things shamefull and wicked, and the Infamy of himselfe, and his. Secondly, he may feare all things so dreadfull, that they exceed the power of Humane Nature to withstand, as Thunder, Lightning, Earthquakes, Inundations, and the like, which yet he feares not, so that they shall make him forget to do the office of a man resolved.* Nay, hee stops not there, but maintaines that a valiant man may flie from an enemy without being justly branded with cowardise, in case hee findes his Life may be more profitable to his Countrey then his Death. Hee cannot then be said to shun death out of pusillanimity, but to reserve himselfe for a greater good.

But I desire to be read by my owne Light, that I would not have any man thinke that I inferre

by this Invective against the abuse of this Heroick Vertue, that I counsell any Gentleman to endure grosse Injuries of a high nature, such as may disparage his whole Race, Countrey, Religion, or hazard the safety of his person; for of these foule wrongs, all Nations allow a Repulsion, and the Ancients called this harmlesse defence, *Incorruptam Tutelam*. Therefore Mars was pictured with his Bosome open, to shew unto us that worthy men ought to expose themselves to all dangers, for the preservation of their Honour.

Two admirable signes of Cato's future valour discover'd in him yet a childe.

This deare Gentleman, whose losse wee condole, had not yet received force and vigour to make a demonstration of the externall valour, but the internall he had abundantly, as appeared by many seeds of true Magnanimity, which both by his carriage and speech, were easily to be discern'd in him. Such sparkes as these of a great minde the Romans discover'd in Cato yet a childe, and by those judg'd of his future Greatnesse. Two of these, as most remarkable, I shall here insert not onely to delight but to confirme, and strengthen the mindes of my Readers. He, and his brother *Capio*, being educated in the House of their Unkle *Livius Drusus*, it happened that the *Latines* were at that time suitours for the obtaining of a City, and that one of the chiefe of them, *Popedius Silo*, was entertain'd, and lodg'd in the House of *Drusus*. *Popedius* one day amongst the rest talking, and jesting familiarly

liarly with the children, said to them, *Will not you intercede with your Uncle that we may have a Citie granted us?* To this *Cepio* fairly and readily assented, and promis'd his utmost aid, but *Cato* silent and sullen, look'd on him with a brow knit, which *Popedius* observing, in a feigned fury, rooke the childe up in his armes, and held him out of the window, threatening to let him fall, unlesse hee granted his request. Notwithstanding all his threats, *Cato* still continued his silence, and his frowns; whereupon *Popedius* set him down againe, and whispered this softly to his friends standing by. *What will this childe doe when he comes to be a man? I believe wee shall not obtaine by his consent one voice from the people of Rome.* Another prooffe of his Magnanimity hee gave in the time of *Sylla*. Being about the age of fourteen, *Sarpedon* his Tutour carried him to salute *Sylla*, who civilly and gently receiv'd him, in remembrance of the friendship he had contracted with his father. The palace of *Sylla*, was then no better then a slaughter-house, into which men were carried bound, and there suffered all kinde of wracks and tortures, and after those death it selfe. The heads of proscribed men were as commonly and openly carried in and out, as if they had belong'd to beasts: which *Cato* at severall Visits, not onely took notice of, but with all mark'd how good men sigh'd and groan'd at this cruelty, and he himselfe abhorring so bloudy a Tyranny, with a resolute minde, and counte-

nance said to his Tutour; *Why does no man kill this monster of men?* To this *Sarpedo* replied, *Because they fear him more then they hate him: but you answered Cato, have given me a Sword that I may dispatch him, and free my Countrey from servitude.* Hee utterd this with such fiercenesse, that *Sarpedo* after that time seldome or never presented him to *Sylla*, or, if he did, it was not without preparation of him by his authority, and advise.

Temperancie
extolled in it
selfe, and him.

From the vanquishing of outward Enemies, our method leads us to the subduing of inward, which are our passions and affections. The Conquerour of these is Temperancie, who is Natures Minion, and studies her preservation. By this Reason governes the sensuall part, tames it, and makes it endure the Bitt. Without this, our passions will violently carry us into the gulph of pleasure, out of which few or none return at all, or, if they doe, it is not without suffering of shipwrack, and extreame perill. Delights betray us with kissing, and having charm'd us into a profound sleep, we no sooner awake, but wee see our selves environ'd with Horrour and Despair, out of whose sharpe claws none ever yet escaped unwounded. In the entry to Voluptuousnesse we discern nothing but Roses, Violets, and the prime flowers of the Spring strewed in our way, but in comming backe, wee view nothing but unked, dismall Objects of solitude, and sorrow. The comfort is incredible of those who joyfully

flie

flie into the imbraces of this Verrue, loathing and abhorring the very shadow of Intemperancie, which ugly Traytresse never leaves Youth till she hath brought them to those *Precipices* which she hath prepared for their destruction. The famous Oratour *Demosthenes* upbraided the *Athenians* with this folly, that they never treated of peace, but in mourning Garments, which they wore for their friends lately lost in the Warres. And this is the custome of luxurious men, they never so much as mention Sobriety, and Continencie of Life, till they are under the lash of the Physician, or the hand of Death. *We are by much more vertuous, saith Pliny, in sicknesse then in health, wee then make God and Vertue our continuall meditation, and are no longer ruled by our passions and affections. We are not then Amorous, Ambitious, Covetous, Revengefull.* Rior is like a fierce untamed Tiger, the keeping whereof is as perillous as the taking. Wee must here imitate *Ulysses*, not his followers, whom *Circes* turn'd into Swine. If wee lend an eare to the inticing, ravishing voice of pleasure, we also shall be transform'd into beasts. This Verrue is exercis'd in brideling, and restraining the inordinate appetite to meat, drinke, and Venerie. The *Romans* used ever to imbowell their dead, and not to allow those ignoble parts, the panch, and guts buriall, as being the onely causers of our Dissolution. Hee is unworthy the Name, and Definition of man, who lives onely to eat. *Diogenes* called the
Belly

Belly the *Charybdis* of the Life. *Musonius* the Philosopher warns us that it is decent, and behoofe full that man alone, amongst all Creatures, being descended from the Gods should chiefly nourish himselfe, as they do, with contemplation, not minding food farther then to satisfy nature: Drunkenesse, and Gluttony are comprehended under excesse, who is the common mother to both.

Drunkenesse
dispraised.

The Ancients represented to us the ugliness of the former, by picturing *Bacchus* naked and young, to signifie unto us, that Drunkards can keepe nothing secret. As when Wine begins to worke in a Vessell, that part of it which is in the bottome mounts up to the top: so a Drunkard discloseth the secrets that lie in the very bottom of his heart. His Chariot was drawn by Lions, Leopards, and Panthers, to intimate unto us that Wine metamorphoseth them into Savage bruits, that drinke it beyond measure. They drew him clad in Goats skins, to denotate the incontinencie of such. His Sacrifices were ordinarily executed by women, to argue the effeminacie of men given over to that vice.

Gluttony re-
prehended.

Neither are Surfeits of meate lesse odious and enormous then these of drinke. What a strange and undecent sight is it to behold men lothing, and longing for meats, like women with child? Where this Vice raignes, nothing of value can reside. As when we behold the Sun through vapours, and clouds, he appeares not to us so beau-
tiful

tiffull as when hee is in his full thine, having no-
 thing interpos'd between him, and us: so a soule
 charged with Repletion & Fumes that arise from
 excrements, and meates undigested is eclipsed,
 and through the mists and fogs raised by sensua-
 lity can discerne nothing subtile and generous,
 expressing no more harmony in her functions
 than we can expect from an instrument filld with
 Durt and Rubbish. Uncleane spirits love un-
 cleane lodgings, as we may perceive by the
 Divells in the possessed man, who petition'd
 our Saviour that they might enter into the herd
 of hogs, not into Oxen, Sheep, or any other cleane
 Beast, nourish'd with cleane food. The example
 of *Dives* should much terrifie these ravenous de-
 vourers, who was so cruelly tormented in his
 Tongue, the Organ of Taste. The devill knew
 man to be so prone to this sinne, that he made it
 the baite to catch our first Parents, and the snare
 wherewith he thought to hold fast our Redemer.
If thou bee the sonne of God, said hee, command
these stones to be made bread. Innocentius thus
 inveighes against this superfluous feeding. *Ga-*
la Paradisum clausit, primogenituram Vendidit,
suspendit pistorem, decollavit Baptistam, Nabu-
zardam Princeps coquorum Templum incendit, &
Hiernsalem totam evertit: Gluttony first shut
up Paradise, sold the Birth-right, hang'd the Ba-
ker, beheaded St. John Baptist, Nabuzardam the
Master Cooke burnt the Temple, and overthrew the
Walls of Hiernsalem. The frequent use of de-
 licious

licious meates and drinckes amongst the Ro-
 mans (as their *Jecur Anserinum*, their *Porcus*
Trojanus, *Suimen*, *Vvedula*, *Ficedula*, *Phenicop-*
teri, and their generous Wines, *Cecuba*, *Falerna*,
&c.) caused them to be as much censur'd by suc-
 ceeding Historians, as their vertues made them
 admir'd. The Naturallists report, that the
 Sea-horse hath his heart placed in his belly, to in-
 timate his voracity. *Philoxenes* wished his neck
 were as long as a Cranes, that he might the lon-
 ger feele the sweetnesse of his meate. I knew an
 old witty Epicure of this nation who hath often
 in the presence of a whole Ordinary, wish'd him-
 selfe a Cowe, that hee might eate his meate over
 twice. Alas, said hee, a man hath small pleasure in
 feeding twice a day halfe an howre at a time, I
 would bee ever eating. He wished if hee must
 needes goe to heaven hee mought bee wound up
 thether by a Jacke. All the while this glutton
 pamper'd his body, his soule starv'd, receiving
 no nutriment, but what was uncleane and putrid.
Sminderides rode a wooing attended by a thou-
 sand Cooks, a thousand Fowlers, and as many
 Fishers. That this sin of gluttony is no solitary
 vice, but is ever accompanied by Incontinency.
 St. *Hirome* tells us. *Semper Saturitati juncta est*
Lasclivia: Vicina igitur sunt venter, & genitalia;
pro membrorum ordine ordo vitiorum. *Lasclivi-*
ousnesse ever associates saturity. Therefore are the
 Belly, and the secrets placed close by one another, to
 shew that they are as neare in consequence and de-
 pendancy

pendancy as in scituation, the one feeding and maintaining the other. Wherefore they were in no errour, who stiled hunger the friend of Virginitie, in that it cooles the boyling blood, and renders the Flesh subject to the Spirit. Water, Fruits, and Rootes were mans first sustinaunce. Lord how farre is his dyet alter'd from its first simplicity? Remarkable is that saying of Alexander: *I know no better a Cooke to procure me an Appetite to my dinner, than to rise betimes, nor to my Supper, than to eatelittle at Dinner.* Epictetus Counsaileth us, not to decke our Rooms with Tablets and Pictures, but with Sobriety, and Temperancy; in that the former onely feed the eyes, but the later the soule, to which they are eternall Ornaments.

This our sweetly dispos'd Lord closely followed the advice of this Philosopher, who in all his Actions did nothing without the consultation, and approbation of Sobriety, and Modesty. Hee never was invited to a feast, but hee diligently cal'd to minde that hee had two guests to entertaine, the body, and the soule; and that what ever he bestowed on the one, would be corrupted, and converted into Excrements; but what hee conferred on the other would enjoy the same Eternity with it. He observ'd such a beautifull Order in all his desires, that they never ranne before, nor lagg'd behinde, but ever kept that rank in which Reason had placed them. He lived by a Rule composed, and confirm'd by either Testament.

ment, and taught his soule to affect nothing shee might not lawfully covet. Thus wee see the admirable fruit Temperancy brought forth in his mind, and will in all other wherein shee is once planted. I will give a period to the discourse of this Vertue, with the words of *Prosper*, who thus extollis it. *Temperantia facit abstinentem, parcum, sobrium, moderatum, pudicum, tacitum, & Verecundum. Hæc Virtus si in animo habitat libidines frangat affectus temperat desideria sancta multiplicat, vitiosa castigat, omnia inter nos confusa ordinat, cogitationes pravæ removet, scientiam inserit, ignem libidinosæ cupiditatis extinguit, mentem placida Tranquilitate componit, & totam ab omni in semper tempestate Vitiorum defendit. Temperancy makes a man abstinent, sparing, sober, moderate, chaste, silent, and modest. This Vertue once entred into the mind, bridles lust, tempers affections, multiplies holy desires, and chastiseth the vitious, sets our confused thoughts in order, and removes the wicked ones, inserts knowledge, quencheth all libidinous flames within us, composeth and settleth the minde in a pleasing Tranquility, and evermore defends every part of it from all Stormes raised by Vice.*

Justice exalted in it selfe, and him.

Justice challengeth a place here, and deservedly, it being a Cardinall Vertue, and of great eminency, not only amongst the Morall, but Divine vertues also. *Homer* sayes, she was begotten by all the gods, so divers, and so admirable are

her effects. Cicero thus commends her to us: *Iustitia Virtutis splendor est Maximus, ex qua viri boni nominamur.* Justice is the greatest splendour of vertue, from which we purchase the names of good men. Most elegantly Cassiodorus: *Iustitia non novit Patrem, non novit Matrem, veritatē novit, personā non accipit, Deum imitatur.* Justice knows neither Father, nor mother, she knows Truth; she is no respector of persons, and is in that an imitator of God. According to the strict or slacke practice of this vertue, all Common-wealths have flourish'd, or decay'd. Without her what were Man-kinde, but a confused multitude of ravenous hungry Lyons, living by rapines, and murders. This Vertue consists of two parts, the distributive, and commutative. The distributive is chiefly Regall, and appropriate to Emperours, Kings, Princes, and to all those who derive their Authority from them. The Commutative is an equall and just dealing betweene all men, of what Condition soever they be.

The former part is of greatest dignity, and acted but by a few, and they of great ranke, and quality: yet of those few how many shall we find that execute the great Offices committed to their charge by God himselfe with impartiality and equity? The difference Aristotle puts betweene a just Prince and a Tyrant is, that the aime of the former is the publicke good, the scope of the later is his owne profit. These two behold their Subjects with a different eye, no otherwise than a

Shepherd, and a Butcher looke on a sheepe to different ends, the one to preserve, the other to destroy it. A Tyrant is like *Boreas*, that ever threatens shipwrack and ruine; A just King resembles *Zephyrus*, whose breath begets plentie and sweetnesse. That a just King, or Judge ought to be a most studious, and carefull Investigatour of the Truth, is taught us by the example of God himselfe, who said, *I will descend, and see whether the cry which is come unto mee be just, or no.* The Ancients pictur'd *Astrea* (whom they made a Representour of Justice) without a head, which they said was in Heaven, to signifie that Justice should not regard men, but have her eyes fixed on God. In *Athens* the Delinquents ever pleaded before the Judges with their faces covered, lest the sweetnesse of some pleasing countenance should so much move, and so farre work upon them as to make them doe injustice.

Two stupen-
dious presi-
dents of Ju-
stice.

Two stupendious presidents of Justice wee have in two mighty Monarchs, *Seleuchus*, and *Cambyses*. *Seleuchus* having made a law, the transgression whereof he ordaind to be punish'd with the losse of both eyes: it most unfortunately happened that his own sonne was the first transgressor of it, wherenpon being a most indulgent Father, and withall a most severe Justicer, to satisfie the rigour of the Law, he caused one of his own eyes to be pulled out, and another of his sonnes. *Cambyses* having condemned a cruell and corrupt Judge to be flead alive, caused the chaire

of Justice to be covered with his skin, and make the sonne of this monstrous Oppressour sit, and give judgement in it, for an astonishment, and terrour to him, and all succeeding Judges. *Iunius Brutus* executed his own children, for their conspiring against the liberty of their Country. By the severe Lawes of *Draco*, which were written in blood, when the Authour of a Crime could not be found out, even things inanimate were cited, condemn'd, throwne out of the City, banished for ever, or broken in pieces, according to the Nature of the Fact. As a Physician, or Surgeon oftentimes administers stinking and lothsome potions, nay, sometimes cuts off a limbe, and all this for the preservation of his patient: so in the body politick, a just Judge alwayes inflicts bitter punishments on the putrid, wicked members of the Common-wealth; nay, sometimes cuts them off, having this for a Statemaxime, that hee who is mercifull to the bad, is cruell to the good.

In this distributive part of Justice, no wise man can look that this our mirror of the youthfull Nobility should attaine to the least degree of perfection, since neither his few yeares admitted, nor his Prince called him to sit in the seat of Justice. In the commutative part hee was no way defective, doing to all men as hee would be done unto. In this hee strictly in all points obeyed the advice of *Seneca*: *Quisquis Justitiam sectari desiderat prius Deum time, & ama, ut amaris à Deo.*

Ama-

Amabis Deum si in hoc illum imitaberis, ut velis omnibus prodesse, nihil nocere. Ab alio expectes quod alteri feceris. Prestabis parentibus pietatem, cognatis dilectionem, pacem cum hominibus habebis, bellum cum vitiis prestabis, amicis fidem, omnibus equitatem: Whosoever thou art that desirest to follow Iustice first feare, and love God, that thou mayst be beloved of God. Thou shalt shew thou lovest God, if in imitation of him thou seekest to profit all, to hurt none. Expect from another what thou hast done to him. Thou shalt make an expression of pietie towards thy Parents, love to thy Kinned, thou shalt have peace with all men, warre with vices, thou shalt keepe thy faith unviolated to thy friends, and observe the Lawes of Equitie towards all men.

Prudencie
commended
in it selfe, and
him.

What should have beene placed in the Front, comes here in the Reare, and that is prudencie, a vertue which serves, measures, graces, and crownes all other vertues whatsoever. As amongst precious stones some are of greater prize then the rest, and by their presence impart to them a lustre: so prudencie amongst all other Vertues, is of greatest esteeme in the eyes of all men, as being to the rest a Guide, a Gage, and an Ornament. As the eye in the body is by all preferred before the other senses: so prudencie in the soule is commended above all other perfection. In the troope of Vertues she hath the most honourable charge. Prudencie gives a measure, and a Gage to every other Vertue, for (if not

mea-

measur'd, and directed by discretion) a needfull
 Care turns into an utter Despaire, a decent grief
 into Rage and Bitternesse, Love into Flattery,
 Hope into Presumption, Joy into Wantonnesse,
 and a just Anger into an immoderate Fury. So
 that wee may perceive an undiscreeet vertue to be
 no better then a Vice. This is shee that hath e-
 ver an eye to what is past, present, and to come,
 and out of all three picks this advantage, that
 her Adversary can never surprize her unawares,
 or take her unprovided. Shee laughs at that u-
 suall saying of Fools, *I had not thought*. As in
 the warres, though the Enemy be farre off, the
 Watch is still constantly set: so she is alwayes vi-
 gilant, and hath a severall ward for every blow of
 Fortune. She is like double-faced *Ianus* looking
 two severall wayes at one and the same time.
 This all men will readily grant me, that if For-
 tune cause a Tempest to rage and rore, shee shall
 not so soon sink him, that fore-seeing the storme
 hath taken in his sailes, as him, who mistrusting
 nothing, beares them all out. Prudencie teach-
 eth us that in this rolling, tottering World there
 is nothing stable, & that the best remedie against
 an evill is the prevention of it. To be brieve, her
 assistance is more necessary, cleane through all the
 affaires of this life, then on the Sea is the govern-
 ment of a Pilot, who knows not how to assuage
 the violence of a storme, nor to appease the fury
 of the Windes, nor to gaine his desired Port at
 his pleasure: whereas prudencie will for the
 L most

most part either prevent, or frustrate all practices that tend to her ruine. As if there were no Sun, we should live in a perpetuall darknesse, for all the comfort, and light the other Stars could afford us: so except the beams of this bright, and radiant prudence reflect on all our actions, and Negotiations, they will appeare dimme and sordid, notwithstanding all the light the other Vertues can lend us. This vertue was in such repute with *Agessilas*, that hee exhorted his souldiers, now ready for the combat, that they should not minde the multitude of their Enemies, but bend all their forces against *Epaminondas* their Generall; for hee once subdued, all the rest would in a trice be vanquish'd: *For, said hee, none but wise and prudent men know how to prevent a defeat, or obtain a victorie.* This Vertue eminently and superlatively appear'd in all the proceedings of Christ himself with the *Jewish* Nation. When hee had attain'd to the age of twelve yeares, hee sate in the Temple amongst the grave Doctours, questioning, answering, and instructing; and the Text witnesseth, that all who heard him stood amazed at his prudent demands and replies. Hee also deluded the Priests and Elders of the *Jewish* Synagogue, by prudently answering one question with another. When they asked him by what power hee did those Miracles? hee demanded of them, *Whence the Baptisme of John was?* When again they demanded of him if he were the Son of God? he replied, *You say that I am.* This prudence

dencie (next to the Invocation of his Father) was the onely Engine wherewith hee defended himself against the pernicious plots of this Generation of Vipers. As no Architecture can come to perfection, without the help of the Compasses & the Rule: so stands it with Human Actions, without the aid of prudence, none of them can receive their grace, and accomplishment. Let a man be master of all abilities imaginable, if he be not withall judicious and prudent, to make a right use of them, and to produce them in their proper times and places, they will acquire him rather shame then glory. If one could have *Aristotle* and *Seneca*, without book, and were withall injudicious, inconsiderate, & undiscree, he would oftener purchase laughter then applause. *Diodorus* (omitting the idle Fables of *Proteus*) informs us that hee was adopted King by the *Egyptians*, in that he excell'd all men in Wisdome, which made him so cunning in giving, and taking counsell, and in changing it with dexterity when opportunity served, that hence arose the Fable, that hee could turn himselfe into so many formes and shapes. If in his determinations hee altered any thing, you could not so properly say he chang'd as hee fitted his minde to the present occasion; as we see the hand is the same still whether it be shut or extended. Indeed the minde of a Wiseman is, as *Seneca* sayes, like the state of the World above the Moone, where there is no change He alwayes returns home (as it is said of

Socrates) with the same countenance hee carried out; and, according to *Epiſtetus*, is like himſelfe even in his dreames.

This our incomparable Child of Honour gave ſtrong eſſayes to climbe the ſummitie of this vertue, both by diligent reading, and obſervation of all the writings and actions of the wiſe. In his converſation he ever applyed himſelfe to thoſe who had deſervedly gain'd a fame in good Letters, or had acquir'd wiſedome by Experience, whoſe ſage precepts, and admonitions, hee as greedily dranke in, as a thirſty Traveller doth Water from a cleare fountaine. Theſe he made the mirrour, wherein he daily drefſ'd, and compos'd his mind, which was a Paradife into which the Serpent never enter'd, but he receiv'd a ſuddaine repulſe. Two times eſpecially hee made choiſe of, to prepare and examine himſelf, the Morning, & the Evening. In the firſt he forecaſt what was that day to bee done, in the later he cald to minde what that day he had done. To doe good was his fixed reſolution, and when he had the power to doe harme (like the true ſonne of Prudency) he never had the will: whereas the Nature of a foole is, when he hath not the ability, then to have the will to doe miſchiefe, This Vertue was deſufed cleane through all his endeavours, nay through his very habit, geſture, and diſcourſe; which were neither too mimical, too anticke, nor too grave, but ſutable to the modeſty required in ſo greene an Age. Impa-
dency

dency (which Politicians prophanely call the gift of God) he hated so in others, that hee never gave it countenance, nor harbour himselfe. In his Discourse he warily proportion'd his words to the bignesse of the subject he spake of: in imitation of a Mariner, that fits his Sayles to the smalnesse or vastnesse of his Vessell. As slender men lightly weare their cloaths loose, and large, a little to augment their bulke: so small wits, who want matter, enlarge themselves in words; whereas indeed, that speech is best which comprehends most sence in fewest words; as wee esteeme that Coyne most, which in a small compasse includes a great value. Hee was not hasty to speak, or in speaking, but in both prudently observ'd a decency. He was very carefull not onely what he vented, but what hee heard; that it relished not of Immodesty, Levity, or Vice; for he held that, what ever it was, a villany to act, it was also a villany to harken to. Hee talked alwayes opportunely, and appositively, never above his knowledge. He derided those who with a great dinne utter'd nothing but high profound *Non-sence*, resembling in that the Cypress trees, which are great, and tall, but beare no fruit. A visit given to a wise, but sick man, by one of these babling, curious impertinents, afflicts him more than his disease. His owne secrets, those of his friends, or of the state, he neither reveal'd, nor pryed into; for he was sure he could at any time speake what he had conceal'd,

but he could not conceale what he had once spoken. *En la boca serada moxca no entra* (sayes the Spanish Proverbe) *Into a mouth closed a Flie never enters.* Hee had happily read, or heard, that *Anacharsis* the Philosopher was accustomed to sleep with his right hand on his mouth, and his left on his secrets, being of opinion, that the Tongue more than Concupiscence needed a bridle. Not to be tedious, I may boldly, because truely, averre that Prudency was the generall of his Demeanour, Speech, and Actions, and gave to all of them a Wise and safe Conduct.

His Death.

You see, pious Reader, what embellishment, what Ornaments his Life, like a sparkling Jewell, was set with; and I imagine you cannot believe so faire a beginning could have a foule end.

His Patience.

You cannot surely be at once so stupid, and uncharitable: If you can, you shall quickly be convinc'd of your Errour, and shall see this Sun-set, with the same glory in which he rose. First, in his sicknesse that led to his death he made use of his patience, a Vertue which miraculously overcomes by yielding. As he would not shunne his death, so he would not hasten it, but used all lawfull, and possible meanes to prevent it; no otherwise than the Master of a Ship, who when the sayles are rent asunder, the Mast cut downe by the boarde, and a Leake sprung in the ship, yet still labours for life, and leaves no way unsought to preserve it. But when hee saw his in-

con-

constant Mistresse, *Nature*, ready to abandon him, and that as well Necessity forced, as God cald him hence : then selfe-love, the Lifes Jay-lour could no longer with-hold him from readily running into the Armes of Death, who he knew would soone usher him into the imbraces of his Saviour. He beheld Death no otherwise then a Pilot does the Winds and the Sayles, that will bring him to his desired Haven. He endured the terrible approach, and the furious assaults of Death with so undaunted a resolution of a man, and so firme unmoved a beliefe of a Christian, that he became at once a pleasing, and sad spectacle to his friends, who believed he could not so patiently undergoe such paine and torments, without the extraordinary assistance of some Beatificall vision. We see many in the darke are afraid of every thing, but the comfortable light expells all feare : so it is for those who are blinded with the Mist Atheisme, and Impiety, have cast before their eyes to doubt, and tremble : security becomes such as live and dye in the true Light, and are illustrated with the beames of Gods favour, as was this Patient of Heaven, who not being curable here, was thither to be translated. Before the comming of the Holy Ghost upon the Apostles, they feared Death, and forsooke their Lord, but when they were once illumined from above, they undauntedly appear'd before Tyrants, and constantly suffer'd Martyrdome. Having sent his desires long

long before to cast Anchor in Heaven, hee longingly expected his owne passage with a calme, patient, and contented minde, wherein no distemper ever stay'd, but as an unwelcome stranger. At length when he perceived all his senses were ready to forsake him, being innocently ambitious to retaine to the last his knowledge of all things, he suddainly by a holy Art drew the vastnesse of his memory into a Compendium, and remembred God onely in whom are all things, in whose Fatherly eternall protection we confident, and submissively leave him.

Two things
to bee lamented
in his
Death.

In this bud of Honour two things are deservedly to be lamented. First that it dyed under the hand of a Royall Gardner, who meant to underprop and cherish it: Secondly, that it so soone faded.

His infortuni-
ty in dying so
immaturely in
the Reigne of
so gracious a
Prince.

All men will confesse his infortunity was great in departing this life in the Reigne of a Prince great in the Union of the Roses, greater in that of the Lawrells, but greatest of all in the love of his people. He knowes full well, that full ill it went with man-kind if the Almighty Maker of all things should confine his favour to one onely, and neglect the rest of Humanity, and therefore as a god on earth (in imitation of the Heavenly) distributes his favours amongst all his subjects, but not *eodem gradu*, because they are not *eiusdem meriti*. Like the Sunne, he strives to impart the light of his countenance to all, and whither his beames can nor reach, thi-
thir

ther his warmth extends. Though all cannot enjoy the honour of his presence, all are sharers in the comfort of his benefits. We are not more happy in living, than this brave deceased Lord was unfortunate in immaturesly dying under so gracious a King, diligent in the search after desert, and magnificent in rewarding it, who in all probability (upon a prooffe made of his faith, and merit) might in him have raised his whilome great House to that Height from which Tyranny unmercifully threw it downe. I say to the same Height, not the same Titles.

As concerning the immaturity of his Death, I willingly acknowledge the suddaine, unexpected deprivation of one so deare, and so hopefull, must needs be bitter, and grievous to all those whom blood, friendship, or acquaintance had link'd to him. Yet ought they not to grieve immoderately, the sorrow of a Christian being by Christ himselfe bounded, and confin'd. Wee may deplore the absence of our departed friends, but we must not too much bewayle their deaths, because they are with God. As not to feeble sorrow in sad chances is to want sence; so not to beare it with moderation, is to lack understanding, since it is fit that griefe should rather bewray a tender then a dejected minde. The effects of our sorrow must not too long out-live the cause. We moysten not the earth with precious Waters; they were distill'd for nobler ends, either by their Odour to delight us, or

The immaturity of his Death,

M

by

by their operation to preserve our health. Our Teares are Waters of too high a price to be prodigally powred into the dust of any Graves. But we unwisely court sorrow, and as a Lover alwaies espies something in his Mistris that in his opinion exalts her above her Sexe, so wee labour to finde out causes for our excessive grieve, and to prove our present losse unequall'd, though indeed, it have many paralells. As the light handling of a Nettle makes it sting us, but the hard griping of it prevents that harme; so wee should not stroke and cherish our griefes, but out of Divinity and Humanity compose a probe that may search them to the quicke. Hee who heateh an Iron, takes it not cut by that part which the fire hath enflamed, but by that end which remained without: Nor should wee take our afflictions by the wrong end, but if wee can finde any comfort to arise from them, wee should discreetly lay hold on that. Hee who comes into a Rosary, findes every Rose guarded with innumerable Thorns, yet he warily gathers the one without being pricked by the other. The most bitter accident hath a graine of sweetnesse and Consolation in it, which a wise man extracts, and leaves the Gall behind.

To apply this; out of the subitary death of this Noble Gentleman wee may cull many comforts. True it is, that Death is sayd to kill the old by Maturity, and the young by Treachery, and that unripe, untimely ends, are by all ex-
treemly

creamily pittied ; but if we will harken to Reason, issuing out of the mouths of the molt profound Philosophers, she will tell us that brevity of Life is to be preferred before longevity. If we will give beliefe to *Seneca*, he will assure us that Nature never bestowed a greater Benefit on man than shortnesse of Life, it being so full of Cares, Feares, Dangers, and Miseries, that Death is become the Common wish of all men afflicted. He who dyes soone, should no more complaine than he whose Navigation in a rough troubled sea is quickly ended. We account not those the best trees that have withstood the rage of many Winters, but those who in the least time have borne the most fruit. Not hee who playes longest, but sweetliest on an Instrument is to bee Commended. Compared with Eternity, the longest and the shortest Life differ not. Life is not a constant Fountaine, but a fickle Floud that quickly rises, and as suddainly falls. Some have compared life to a Bird in a Childes hand, which sometimes flies away before hee can well fasten his hold on it. By the vertue of that Organ wherewith wee first behold the shine of the sun, by the defect of the same we are brought into the darknesse and shadow of death. It is so, it is so, Hee that built this faire Fabricke would have nothing stable, and permanent in it but himselfe. This goodly, rationally, subtile creature, Man, above the Stars themselves, and next to

Brevity of life
to be preferred before
Longevity.

*. *Xerxes.*

God himselfe in Dignity, able to penetrate into the deepest secrets of Nature, to observe the motions of the heavens, & to compasse both heaven and Earth in a thought, is onely immortall here below by succession; Generation being as restless as corruption. *Themistocles* rightly affirms that no creature is so miserable as Man, in that none but he knows the use of life, yet when with great studie and industry, hee hath attain'd to that knowledge, he is by death depriv'd both of life and it together. Age brings to us experience in one hand, and Death in the other. *Just were the teares, and sweet was the Humanity*, saith *Pliny*, of that Royall and youthfull* *Gracian*, who wept to thinke that not one of that glorious immense Army hee then commanded should survive one Age. Such a gentle commiseration of humane frailty made *Aufelme* thus cry out. *O durus Casus! Hen! quid perdit homo? quid invenit? perdidit beatitudinem ad quam factus est, & invenit mortem, ad quam factus non est. O hard hap! Alas! What did man lose? What did he finde? Hee lost the blessednesse to which he was made, and found death to which he was not made.* Shal then the valiant, & the learned have a harder fate then fools, in so soon parting with those Crownes which *Mars* and *Apollo* have placed on their heads? shall they so suddenly be deprived of the comfort of that faire Fame which with bloud, and swear, with fasting and watching they have purchas'd? Yes, yes, *Cesar* shall never terrifie the World again with his valour

lour, nor *Cicero* charme it with his eloquence. The sword of the one, and the pen of the other have now with their Lords the same eternall and unprofitable rest. Alas, alas, Mans is as brittle as glasse, but not so conserveable. As he encreases in growth, his life decreases. As whether one sleeps, or wakes in a ship under saile he is insensibly, as it were, carried away towards his intended Port; so what ever we are doing, we unawares sail towards the region of death. Time deals with man Arithmetically; He first addes to his Beauty, and multiplies his Graces, and then hee subtracts all these, and makes a long lasting Division between him and Nature. It were strange, if we should think wee shall never arrive there, whither wee are ever going. *Plutarch* writes of creatures in a certain part of the Worl'd which are borne in the morning; are in their prime at noon, grow aged towards the evening, and are dead ere night. Had these reasonable soules as wee have, they would have also the same passions. They would after our womanish custome lament their untimely death who die before noon, esteeme them happy that live till the evening, and yet bewaile them too who depart at night. Our fond whining were seasonable, and to purpose, if it could prevent the death of our friends, or call them from the dead; but it savours of a vain, foolish arrogant ambition to desire they should be privileged, and exempted from the fatall, common condition of Mankinde, since wee cannot be ig-

God hath set
down a pe-
riod, beyond
which Nature
her selfe shall
not passe.

This World
compared to a
Theatre.

norant that God hath set down a period beyond which Nature her self shall not passe. Nothing representeth better to us this world then a theater; wheron one acts a King, another a Lord, a third a Magistrate; others again play the base servil parts of fools, messengers, & mutes. Some of them stay, stare, strut, & look big a long time on the Stage; others only shew themselves, & without speaking one word, as soon as they come on go off againe; to conclude, all have their *Exits*: So we poore Mortals who are sent by our provident omnipotent Creator into this world, to undergo several charges (some wherof are honorable, some ignominious) have al an egress out of this life, as wel as an ingresse allotted us. Some a long time be at this earthly Stage with the Majestie of a Tragedian; others are fools & sneak up & down to the laughter of all men; others again lie manacled, bed-ridden, or (which is the worst of Fates) distracted. Some no sooner enter but they go out again, as did that child in the besieged, depopulated, desolate town of *Saguntum*, who by an instinct of Nature, no sooner put his head out of his Mothers wombe, but he pull'd it in again, as divining the approaching destruction of his Citie and himself. To continue the similitude; As hee who acted an Emperor (the Play once done) is no better then he who represented a slave: so the Grave, as *Horace* saith, equals all, the King & the Beggar. Pertinently to this *S. Ambrose*, *We are born naked, saith he, and die naked, & there is no difference between the carcases of the rich, and the poore, save that the former stinke*

stinke worse through arepletion with excrements, which sursets of delicious fare have left behinde. This world is Deaths region, about it as a triumph-
pher over all flesh he rides his circuit. Since then his coming is so necessary, so inevitable, whether he comes in the dawne, the noon, or twilight of life, let us bid him welcome. What should hinder us to doe so I cannot tell; since as there is no ship but in one Voyage or other dasheth not against some hidden rock, or shelf: so the most happy life is not free from infinite crosses and disasters. *Tet though every man knows the inconveniences & perils of this life, saith S. Austin, and that he must once die, yet all men seeke to shun, and defer the houre of death; not onely the heathen, but they to who believe the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting.* To our reproch the holy Father spake this; for though it be no shame for a *Gentile* to fear death, whose onely scope of life is to see and be seen, to know & be known; yet to a Christian it is, whose aime and desire should be not onely to serve God faithfully here, but also to raigne gloriously with him hereafter. What is necessarily to be done, a wiseman does voluntarily; let us not therefore with the foolish Tyrant in *Lucian*, either with tears, prayers, or bribes vainly think to perswade inexorable Death, but wisely consider that wee are neither the first, nor the last; All have gone before, and must follow us. Nay, not a man dies, that hath not at the same time many to accompany him, who arrive at the house of Death by severall waies. Life is a due debt to God and
Na-

Nature, as long as we have it, we enjoy a benefit, when wee are deprived of it wee have no wrong. Let us then daily render it backe to him that gave it, since hee is a bad debtour who unwillingly payes. As a Souldier, the signe once given, readily obeyes the command of his Generall, and armed at all poynts, followes him through all Dangers, and faceth Death himselfe: so must we chearefully observe the very Beck of our Heavenly Commander, and through all miseries and destruction it selfe make our way to him. Death should be no longer formidable to us, since our Redeemer hath taken out his sting, and hee is now no other then an old toothlesse Dragon. It is a foolish thing to delight in sleep, and abhorre Death, sleepe being onely a continuall imitation of it. Hee that seriously contemplates the priviledges, and advantages that accompany a Christian Death, will be in love with it. It is the Refuge of the afflicted, and the end of all earthly evils. It takes not life from us, but presents it to the custodie of Eternity. It is not an end but an intermitance of life, nor no longer a punishment, but a Tribute, and we are gainers by it. As he who hath a long time layne in a darke dungeon, is beyond imagination joyfull when he comes to the light: so the soule when shee is freed from the vapours and clouds in which the flesh involv'd her is ravish'd with delight. While shee is yet in the body, though her ambition reach at Heaven,

Death to a
Christian not
a punishment,
but a tribute.

yet is shee still clogg'd with that heavy masse of earth, and cannot so nimble and nobly operate as she would. She may fitly be call'd the Guest, and the Body the Host, that makes her pay dearly for her clayie lodging. For if a Magistrate be vexed and busied to subdue and pacifie the Rebels of a seditious Citie, needs must the soule be troubled and afflicted, who hath a harder office assign'd her, which is to bridle, and restrain the vitious, inordinate, dissolute affections which are inseparable adjuncts to her while shee hath a conjunction with the body.

The prerogatives of Death being so many, and so certaine, let us no longer condole the deace of this our compleatly noble Friend, but congratulate his happy departure hence, and his safe arrivall in the Imperiall Heaven. When *Proculus Julius* had reported to the *Romans* that hee had seene *Romulus*, and that assuredly hee was a God, a Wonder it was, saith *Livie*, how much they gave credit to this Tale, and how greatly the misse of *Romulus*, both amongst the Commons, and Soldiers, was by this beliefe of his Immortalitie digested. Much more should our sorrow be mitigated by the confidence we have that this our blessed Friends soule is ascended to him from whom it descended. When Brasse or Gold is melted to make the Statue of some great deserving Man, wee say not that the Mettall is lost, but dignified: In like case when a Body is turn'd into its first Principles, Dust, and Ashes,

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wee who have an eye to the glorious Resurrection of it, thinke not it is utterly ruin'd, but dissolv'd to be refin'd. As in the Eclipse of the Sunne or Moone, wee nothing at all wonder, or grieve, because wee know either Starre will reassume its former splendour: So wee who are conscious of the divine promise of Immortality should undismay'd, believe the death of this our honour'd friend, no other then a passage to a better eternal life. I wil conclude with this double consolation to all his Honourers. First, that hee died with that matchlesse comfort, *The love of all men*, and heard yet living, the judgement men would passe on him dead, and was, as it were, present with Posterity. Secondly, that whereas here hee ranne a perpetuall hazard, in that hee carried a heavenly Treasure in an Earthy Vessell, hee now lives in an unmoved Securitie, and that Treasure is enclosed in a Magazine to which the Heavens are Walls, and the Angels Warders. It is now high time to cover this sweet, beautifull issue, who with the Rose and Violet is lay'd downe to sleepe in the Bosome of his first Mother the Earth, and shal enjoy, though it may be not so suddaine, yet as certaine a Spring as they, and which is more, an everlasting.

FINIS.

Epi.

Elegies.



ELEGIES
V P O N
THE DEATH
O F T H E
LAST LORD
STAFFORD.

AS over-rich-men find it harder farre
T'employ what they possess, then poore men are;
Such is the state of those who write of thee,
whilst in that larger field displaid they see
All objects which may helpe invention in,
They know not where to end, where to begin.
And as into this Labyrinth they fall,
Loth to omit the least praise, lose them all.
Then whilst some stile thee with the glorious name
Of lineall heire to Mighty Buckingham,
And tels the greatnesse of thy line that springs
From such as could raise up, and throw downe Kings
He not looke backe; but with the Indians runne
To meete and court thee, as my rising Sunne.
My offrings to thy mem'ry shall be seene,
In telling what thou wert, or wouldst have beene.

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wee who have an eye to the glorious Resurrection of it, thinke not it is utterly ruin'd, but dissolv'd to be refin'd. As in the Eclipse of the Sunne or Moone, wee nothing at all wonder, or grieve, because wee know either Starre will reassume its former splendour: So wee who are conscious of the divine promise of Immortality should undismay'd, believe the death of this our honour'd friend, no other then a passage to a better eternall life. I wil conclude with this double consolation to all his Honourers. First, that hee died with that matchlesse comfort, *The love of all men*, and heard yet living, the judgement men would passe on him dead, and was, as it were, present with Posterity. Secondly, that whereas here hee ranne a perpetuall hazard, in that hee carried a heavenly Treasure in an Earthy Vessell, hee now lives in an unmoved Securitie, and that Treasure is enclosed in a Magazine to which the Heavens are Walls, and the Angels Warders. It is now high time to cover this sweet, beautifull issue, who with the Rose and Violet is lay'd downe to sleepe in the Bosome of his first Mother the Earth, and shal enjoy, though it may be not so suddaine, yet as certaine a Spring as they, and which is more, an everlasting.

FINIS.

Epi-

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FINIS.

Epi-



ELEGIES

V P O N

THE DEATH

O F T H E

LAST LORD

STAFFORD.

AS over-rich-men find it harder farre
 To employ what they possess, then poore men are;
 Such is the state of those who write of thee,
 whilst in that larger field displaid they see
 All objects which may helpe invention in,
 They know not where to end, where to begin.
 And as into this Labyrinth they fall,
 Loth to omit the least praise, lose them all.
 Then whilst some stile thee with the glorious name
 Of lineall heire to Mighty Buckingham,
 And tels the greatnesse of thy line that springs
 From such as could raise up, and throw downe Kings
 He not looke backe; but with the Indians runne
 To meete and court thee, as my rising Sunne.
 My offerings to thy mem'ry shall be seene,
 In telling what thou wert, or wouldst have beene.

Elegies.

Why say I wouldst? when the most jealous eye
Could find no want, though in thine infancy,
Which some say promist much, this I disdain,
For where the gifts are, promises are vaine;
Since in this noble youth who did not see
The old mans wisdom, young mans industrie?
A humble Majesty, that could tell how
To scorne a league with pride; yet make it bow.
Whose courage was not in extreames like ours;
With ebbs and flowes, caus'd by the passions powers:
But was a constant ever grafted love
To blessed goodnesse, and the powers above.
Who though he joyed in this fraile mortall life,
As one whose soule had felt no ingor'd strife:
Nor labour'd with impatient hast like some
To breake their prison ere the freedome come.
Yet when the ever seeing power had found
So faire a flowre planied in barren ground;
Whose glorious beauties which that frame inspir'd,
Were envied more: then followed or admir'd:
Resolv'd to take what he had onely lent,
As giving him reward, as punishment;
Then death was welcome, and he so resign'd
(Not feeling griefe to leave, nor feare to find)
That such his parting was as might be said,
Whilst he staid here, he liv'd not, but obey'd
That happy call, which all cleare soules expect,
Whose doubtfull states are chang'd to be elect,
Let then such friends as mourne the sad decay
Of his great house, in him the onely stay,
Lift up their wondring eyes and for him looke
In Angels Quires, not in a Heralds Booke.

Elegies.

*Yet though the roote be taken hence to plant,
Where heavenly moisture it can never want;
There yet remains a branch shall ever shine
Engrafed in the noble Howards line.*

John Beaumont.



Vpon the Death of the most hopefull the Lord STAFFORD.

Must then our Loves be short still? Must we
Not to enjoy? onely admire, and loose? (choose
Must Axioms hence grow sadly understood,
And we thus see, 'Tis dangerous to be good?
So Bookes begunne are broken off, and we
Receive a fragment for an History;
And, as 'twere present wealth, what was but debt,
Lose that, of which we were not Owners yet;
But as in bookes, that want the closing line,
We onely can conjecture, and repine:
So must we heere too onely grieve, and guesse,
And by our fancy make, what's wanting lesse.
Thus when rich webs are left unfinished,
The Spider doth supply them with her bred.
For tell me what addition can be wrought
To him, whose Youth was even the bound of thought;

Elegies.

whose buddings did deserve the Robe, whiles we
In smoothnesse did the deeds of wrinkles see:
When his state-nonage might have beene thought fit,
To breake the custome, and allow'd to sit?
His actions veil'd his age, and could not stay
For that which we call ripenesse, and just day.
Others may waite the staffe, and the gray-haire,
And call that Wisedome, which is onely Feare,
Christen a coldnesse, temperance, and then boast
Full and Ripe Vertue, when all action's lost:
This is not to be noble, but be slacke:
A Stafford ne're was good by th' Almanacke.
He, who thus stayes the season, and expects,
Doth not gaine habits, but disguise defects.
Heere Nature oustrips Culture: He came try'd;
Strait of himselfe at first, not rectifi'd:
Manners so pleasing, and so handsome cast,
That still that overcame, that was shewne last:
All mindes were captiv'd thence, as if 'i had bene
The same to him, to have bene lov'd, and seene.
Had he not bin snatch'd thus, what drive hearts now
Into his nets, would have driven Cities too:
For these his Essaies, which began to win, (within;
Were but bright sparkes, which shew'd the Mine
Rude draughts unto the picture; things we may
Stile the first beames of the encreasing day;
Which did but onely great discoveries bring,
As outward coolenesse shewes the inward spring.
Nor were his actions, to content the sight,
Like Artists Pieces, plac'd in a good light,
That they might take at distance, and obtrude
Something unto the eye that might delude:

His

Elegies.

His deeds did all, most perfect then appeare,
When you observ'd, view'd close, and did stand neere.
For could there ought else spring from him, whose
From which he sprung, was rule, & discipline, (line
whose Vertues were as Bookes before him set,
So that they did instruct, who did beget,
Taught thence not to be powerfull, but know,
Shewing he was their blood by living so.
For, whereas some are by their bigge lippe knowne,
Others b' imprinted, burning swords were shovne:
So they by great deeds are, from which bright fame,
Engraves free reputation on their name:
These are their Native markes, and it hath bin
The Staffords lot, to have their signes within.
And though this firme Hereditary good,
Might boasted be, as flowing with the blood,
Yet he nere graspt this stay: But as those, who
Carry perfumes about them still, scarce doe
Themselves perceive them, though anothers sense
Sucke in th' exhaling odours: so he thence
Ne'r did perceive he carry'd this good smell,
But made new still by doing himselfe well.
T' embalm him then is vaine, where spreading fame
Supplies the want of spices; where the Name,
It selfe preserving, may for Ointments passe:
And he, still seene, the coffind as in glasse.
Whiles thus his bud dims full flowres, and his sole
Beginning doth reproach anothers whole,
Comming so perfect up, that there must needes
Have beene found out new Titles for new deeds:
Though youth, and lawes forbid, which will not let
Statues be rais'd, or him stand Brasen: yet

Elegies.

Our mindes retaine this Royalty of Kings,
Not to be bound to time, but judge of things,
And worship, as they merit: there we doe
Place him at height, and he stands golden too.
A comfort, but not equall to the crosse,
A faire remainder, but not like the losse:
For he, that last pledge, being gone, we doe
Not onely lose the Heire, but th' honour too.
Set we up then this boast against our wrong,
He left no other signe, that he was young:
And, spight of fate, his living vertues will,
Though he be dead, keepe up the Barony still.

Will. Cartwright.

On the much lamented Death of the Lord Stafford.

TIs not i' enbalme his name or crowne his herse,
That our sad thoughts flow in our eyes & verse.
Or i' adde a lustre to his dimmed name,
Which onely now must shine in Heaven and Fame.
This were to hold a Taper out by night,
And cry, thus shone the glorious Suns faire light:
To view his rising splendor at our noone,
Were in a shadow to set out the Sun.
Nor doe we Cypresse bring in hope of Bayes
(As death makes many Poets now a dayes)
Our teares flow by instinct, and a cold frost
Seazing our Palsie-joynts told what was lost

Before,

Elegies.

Before the fatal knell, not a dirge sung,
Nere a sad peale of Elegies was rung.
No bearded wonder, or propheticke flame,
Vsher'd the ruine of his house and name:
Yet then we melted in a chilling sweat,
And every fainting brest did something threat.
Not each dayes wonder, some strange newes come
Creeping upon us, like the generall doome;
And this was Staffords death, in his owne fall
A world of people felt their funerall,
And lost a being they nere had: for he
Writ not a man, but House, or Familie.
Thus have I seene a listle silken clew
Of compleated twists, at the first view
Comprised in a palme, but ravel'd out,
And drawne to lines, the thread will winde about
Countrie or townes. Great shade the fate was thine,
who by the issue of thy Noble line,
Might soone have peopled Kingdomes; but thy all
Is now wound up in a small urne, or ball:
And all thy vertues in sad weedes doelye,
Onely spun out into thy memory.
Thus have we lost what goodnesse knew to dwell
In flesh and clay, more worth then we dare tell.
As for an Epitaph upon his stone,
Write this-- Here lie a thousand Lords in one.

Geo. Zouch. A.M.N.C.Ox.

Elegies



On the Death of the Noble Lord STAFFORD.

Others to Staffords Herse Encomiums give,
Not that his worth, but that their wit may live
My Muse hath no such aime; it is lesse praise
To beare Apollo's, then his fun'rall Bayes.
Nor is't the Lord I mourne; what is't to me
Who am no Herald, if a Baron die?
I do not hope for fees; I'me none of those
That pay downe teares for legacies, or clothes.
My solemne grieve flomes in a Nobler tide;
Soone as I heard one so well qualifi'd,
Had put off clay, the fright (not newes) stricke deepe,
And made my eye of Vnderstanding weepe.
He was no Pagiant Courtier, such as can
Onely make legs like a fine Gentleman.
Though's outside shew'd all that the nicer eye
Of critique Madams could desire to see:
Yet was his soule more gay, his ample brest
Was in a silken disposition drest.
And with Heroicke habits richly lin'd;
The Vertues had no wardrob, but his mind.
As to Honours, and the Lands, so he alone
The worth of all his Ancestours did owne.
And yet that He is dead; so dead, that here
Is nought preserves his name, but's tombe, & sheire.
That

Elegies.

That Noble Stocke is spent ! injurious Fate ;
To make a House so ancient desolate !
Fetton killd Englands George, and with his
Onely not cut the thred of others life. (knife
We had some comfort left in that his blood
Was not quite spilt ; after his fall he stood
Transcrib'd in pretty Emblems, which we all
Read as true Copies of ib' Originall.

But none survives this Phanix : 'tis our woe
To have this Sunne not set but put out too.
The Gard'ner weepes not when his Lillies die,
If they their seed leave as a Legacie.
But should an onely Flower, the Gardens gem,
Wither in her full pride, and of her stem
Bequeath no slip, the poore mans eyes each plot
Of ground would wet, without his water-pot.
No wonder 'tis that reverend Arundell,
And other Lords doe grone out Staffords knell:
Since, at his fall, a Race of Heroes dyed,
Which can't but by Creation be supply'd.

Ri. West.

Q

On

Elegies.



On the Death of the Lord STAFFORD.

(gone,

WHat trust to titles? Shame to our hopes ther's
 One who was, none can say how many a one.
 Muses, you are too few, to waite on's Ghost,
 Wandring in sorry shreies to tell what's lost.
 His Peerelesse Body earth'd, some eyes may weepe,
 As if they had never seene him but asleepe.
 But those who view'd, with somewhat more then eye,
 The finer beauties of thy mind, put by
 The grieve of teares, and call their Consistory
 Of inward Powers to lament thy story.
 Perfection, which might tempt the Scribes of Fate
 To voluntary penance; force their haire
 Recoyle upon themselves; to Nature swear
 Rebatement of such rigour: Was't not severe
 To cast the blackenesse of dead night so soone
 On Noble lustre entering into noone?
 How is deluding Heav'n thus pleas'd to whet
 Our hopes for Harvest, and then blight the wheate?
 This was not all, great Ghost we cannot free
 Thee from contempt of sad Mortalitie.
 Thou thought'st enough, thy star should guide the wise
 To honour, which thy selfe meant to despise.
 Thy high-borne Spirit ripening into Man,
 Deem'd that so scant a measure must needs span

Shore

Elegies.

Short of thy merit : so sliding ont o' th' roule
Of earthy Titles, thou wouldst shift thy soule.
But yet me thinkes, though Heav'n envy our soyle
Such vertuous Simples; Mercy should not spoile
A Garden, of it's onely verdant pride,
Vnill some hopefull plants were set beside.
The pluckt-up Olive; that the same sweete weine
Might spring and flourish in high bloud againe.
Our stocke of Honour's is rooted up yet greene,
whose draught's uncoppied must no more be seene :
An ancient house in this new rubbish lyes,
Here urn'd the ashes of whole Families.
As if the Church in need of Ornaments,
Should hence her number have of monuments
Proud exercise of Sextons, who dare live
By fatall dust, and looke that piety give
To see this Shrine, and know that in this One,
There liv'd and dy'd a Generation.
No member of a Tribe, who fills this Tombe,
He's Sepulchre of Staffords name, in whom
A Race and Field is lost, a Pedegree
And Catalogue of Heroes —
Could not presaging feares (which oft divine
Ith' fall of one, the sinking of a Line)
Move one yeares haste, to sow in Hymen's bed
Some seed, which when thou ere wer't gathered;
In living buds might fresh and growing save
The Grand-sire trunk from rotting in a grave?
But since the closing of thine eyes alone,
Wink's many glorious Tapers into none;
We waile thy death, more thy Virginity,
we lose in that, in this posterity.

Elegies.

*Thy soule might still have liv'd, in others breath,
whose single life, is now a numerous death.*

Io. Castillion.

On the most immature Death of the
late young Lord Stafford, the last
Baron of that
Family.

WHat Nemesis? what envious fate
Still waites on those who aniedate
Their yeares by vertue, and behind
Cast slow pace with swiftest mind?
So 'tis, wise nature shortest day
Allowes to things which pass away.
The long liv'd Olive tree of peace,
And Lawrell slowly doe increase,
But the early pledge of Spring
The Primrose soone is withering.
So Ceres oft with too much haste,
Her yellow dangling lockes doth waste,
And having rose too soone from bed
Before night hangs her drowsie head.
O see what hopes (which rais'd were high
To aggravate our misery)
Now blasted, as a starre which shone
New shot from Heaven, are flit and gone.
Have you seene a Pine tree proud,
Her head invested in a cloud,

which

Elegies.

Which the fatall axe hath throwne,
Or the giddy whirlewind blowne.
Whilst th' Hamadryades with floods,
Of teares doe drowne their mournfull woods;
And Sylvan his espoused Queene
Laments, faire, hopefull, fresh, and Greene.

Have you seene a vessell trim
Upon the smiling Sea to swim,
Whose sayles doe gently swell with aire
Of many a Merchants zealous prayer,
O never ship with greater pride
Did on a warry mountaine ride,
But strait a blustering storme doth rise
And dasheth her against the skies,
Then on a rocke her glory teares
No shrikes nor cries nor clamours heares.

Or have you seene but newly borne,
The rosy-finger'd fairest morne
Whilst the sprightfull Saityes play,
And leape to see the golden ray,
But then a sullen cloud this light
Turn's to a darke and dismall night,

These were Emblems of thy fall,
Noblest Stafford, so I'de call
Vertue, by this name she's knowne,
And tis more proper then her owne.

But which deeper wounds, with thee
Dy'd thy stem and Baronie,
As that Nymph which by the Pine
Liv'd, and with the same doth life resigne.

When the Deluge did deface
The booke of nature, humane race

Elegies.

Reprinted w.^{as}, and found supply
From the floating Library.

But of Stafford w^e have lost all
Both transcript, and originall,
Onely some margent notes are left
To tell's of what we are bereft.

Here multa desunt, which to fill
Passeth the learned Criticks skill.

But as in ruin'd abbyes we
Admire their faire deformity:

And doe build up thoughts from thence,
To reach the first magnificence,

So yet of Staffords house doe stand
Some sacred reliques, which command

Our rev^rence, and by these we see
What was his noble Pedigree,

Whose earthly armes inter'd doely,
But soule plac'd in th^e aetheriall skie,
Shines with star-blaz'd nobility.

Charles Mafon.

On

Elegies.



On the Death of the Right Honorable Lord, the Lord STAFFORD,
being the last of that Noble
Family.

VNseasonable Fate, vex not our sence
With Balesfull sorrowes, due forty yeares hence;
Must Stafford needs expire at twenty foure,
Because in goodnesse onely he's three score?
So have we seene the morning Sun, to lay
His glory downe, and make a rainie day.
Trust me, ye Destinies it was unjust
So soone to lay his honour in the dust.

But we doe fixe our sorrowes as upon
A private fate, when't is a publicke one;
And weepe (alas) as yet, but with one eye,
If but for one we weepe; why here doth lie,
Not my Lord onely, but a Family.
No, no! he's but the Center-point, from whence
Our groanes, and sighes fetch their Circumference;
Here we must teach our eye to drop a teare,
Even for the losse of those who never were:
Griefes mysterie! we must for those be sad
Who lose a being which they never had.

Must ye, your selves, O Parcae, women prove
In that, the greenest of our fruites, ye loue?
Fruiters! which not crop, had thriv'd into a Tree
Of a large branching Genealogie!

Elegies.

Ye might have seaz'd some puling willeſſe Heire,
And made a younger Brother; 't had beene faire;
And we had Praise, and kiſt thoſe bloody palmes,
Which in the killing this, gave to ther Almes.
But you will no ſuch ſported ſacrifice,
Such pleaſe not yet, for ſuch are in your eyes
Are neither good for earth, nor yet for Heaven:
Stafford muſt onely make your weeke-Bill even;
He's good, and therefore ripe: thus ſtill we finde
That good wares firſt goe off, bad ſtay behinde.

Will. Wallen. Coll. Joan. Soc.

Vpon the Death of the young Lord STAFFORD.

VNequall nature that doſt load, not paire
Bodies with ſoules, too great for them to beare!
As ſome put extracts, (that for ſoules may paſſe,
Still quickning where they are) in frailer glaſſe;
Whoſe active gen'rous ſpirits ſcorne to live
By ſuch weake meanes, and ſlight preſervative;
So high-borne mindes; whoſe dawning's like the day
In torrid climes, caſt forth a full noone-ray,
Whoſe vigorous breſts inherit, throng'd in one
A race of ſoules, by long ſucceſſion;
And riſe in their deſcends; in whom we ſee
Entirely ſumm'd a new borne Anceſtry:
Theſe ſoules of fire, whoſe eager thoughts alone
Create a feaver, or conſumption,

Or

Elegies.

Orecharge their bodies : lab'ring in the strife
To serve so quicke and more then mortall life :
Where every contemplation doth oppresse
Like fits o' th Calenture, and kils no lesse :
Goodnesse hath its extreames, as well as sin,
And brings, as vice, death, and diseases in ;
This was thy fate, great Staffords; thy feirce speed
T'ouliue thy yeares : to throng in every deed
A masse of vertues ; hence thy minutes swell
Not to a long life, but long Chronicle :
Great name (for that alone is left to be
Call'd great; and 't is no small Nobility
To leave a name) when we deplore the fall
Of thy brave stem, and in thee of them all ;
Who dost this glory to thy race dispende,
(Now knowne to Honour) i' end with Innocence.
Me thinkes I see a sparke from thy dead eye
Cast beames on thy deceast Nobility:
Wiuesse those marble heads, whom Westminster
Adores ; (perhaps without a nose or eare)
Are now twice raised from the dust and seeme
New sculp't againe, when thou art plac't by them ;
When thou, the last of that brave house deceast,
Hadst none to cry (our Brother) but the Priest :
And this true riddle, is to ages sent
Stafford is his Fore-father's Monument.

Richard Godfrey.

R

On

Elegies.



On the untimely Death of the Lord
STAFFORD.

NOr to adorne his herse, or give
 Him anoiber age to live,
 Need we to pretend at wit,
 His worth hath intercepted it:
 Whose every vertue doth require
 A Muse that onely can admire.
 Death, though he strove, his utmost fear'd,
 He could not take him unprepar'd.
 H^e had risenesse in his Infancy,
 And liv'd well in Epitomie.
 Of what we hop'd in others, be
 At th^e same age had maturity.
 But he is dead: we may on dare
 Death now, as having nought to feare;
 The world hath lost her chiefest blisse,
 Heaven the onely gainer is.
 One blow hath kil'd more then the plague, and we
 In losing one, have lost plurality.
 A sense might have beene better spar'd, your price
 We would have thought too but a sacrifice,
 Such as was Isaacks Ram, that sav'd in one
 Just Patriarch, a generation.
 One star we may see shoot, without a grone,
 But should we lose a constellation,

'I would'

Elegies.

'Twould puzzle Astrologie, nay almost
By losing one, your science would be lost.
Fate's wisdom sees, that he might leave our cast
In relish, he cut off your choycest last.

H. B.

Vpon the Death of my Lord STAFFORD, the last Baron of that Ancient Stocke.

Grieve not ye Sacred Ancestours of Fame,
As if this were the carcasse of your Name:
The Barke now flourishes: we may presume
He's planed, and not buried in the Tombe:
Your famous branches by his fall are blowne:
His fate becomes your Resurrection.
Good deeds were all his Progeny; whilst he
Leaves them no other state, but memory:
The Titles, and Revenues let them hoord
That doe delight to heare these words, My Lord.
In Stafford I confesse they bore some weight,
Cause they spoke him, as well as this estate:
It was his Name, not Title: and that tone
Made him not famous, onely better knowne,
Deserts well plac'd shine more: It is a tie,
And reverence to Vertue to be high:
Should the Sunne, falling to the earth fixe here,
Hee'd suffer an eclipse from his owne sphere.

Elegies.

Sure to prevent that old and glorious itch,
He dy'd before the age of being Rich:
No Lands was ever he posses'd of, save
That small unhappy portion of a grate.
Death did deliver him, we may be bold
To stile it his redemption from Gold:
Wealth is a sinne, though us'd, and to be free,
Yet never want, is but kind usury.
He was so witty, yet sincere, that we
Dare say he meant ev'n an Hyperbole:
He could not flatter: what he spake was knowne
No complement, but an expression.
Postures in him were Vertues, for when he
Did bend, it was not pride but charitie:
His hat went off so honestly, we may
Affirme he onely did himselfe betray:
Not like to those that study the Court stride,
And learne the decent stich on the left side:
He nothing to the streame o'th' Time did owe,
The Staffords manners from themselves still flow.
We must despaire thy equall, unlesse he
Could with thy Tiles too inherit thee.

H. R.

On

Elegies.

On the Death of the Right Honorable Edward Lord Stafford.

When brave Heroick spirits flie from hence,
That govern'd others by their influence,
Each Muse with Cypresse crownd instead of Bayes,
Makes them the subject of their teares, and prayes,
Who were examples living; being dead
With living Monumentis are honoured:
When other's course earth doth neglected lye
That liv'd, as if they onely liv'd to die,
But with what Marble, or what Brasse shall we
Honour the Noble Staffords memory;
Whose very Name inscrib'd would lustre give
Enough to make those dead materials live?
The glorious minde dwells in his Noble brest.
Did entertaine each Vertue for its guest,
And what so ere was opposite and foule,
For ever banish't from his Christall soule.
He was as good, as great; and taught the Time
By what safe steps men might to Honour climbe.
Yet ventrous death with his impartiall Darts
Hath disunit'd those his different parts.
Whilst th' earth doth his more richer earth containe,
What came from Heaven is thither flowne againe.

E. B. Medii Templi.

R 3

On

Elegies.



On the deplored Death of *Edward* Lord *Stafford*, the last Baron of his Name.

Stay Death, and heare a short pleas; we would
Onely the mercy of a single grave; (crave
And that at one stroke, thou wouldst kill but one,
In him thou slayst a generation:
Then ere thou strikst, Death, know thy sin; for this
Not a plaine Murder, but Massacre is:

Compendious slaughter of a Family,
what yet unknowne Plague shall we tittle thee?
what Power art thou, what strange Influence,
That thus usurpst the spleene of Pestilence?
Can the Grave propagate, that there should be
As yet a new kinde of mortality?
Sure I mistake our misery; this was not
That which we call disease, but a Chaine-shot;
Death hath foregone his Archery, and Dart
And practises the Canon; that dire Art
Of murdering by the hundreds: Thus alone
we lose not *Stafford*, but a Legion:

Take a friends counsell yet, grim fate; and stay,
Doe not bereave thy selfe of future prey;
Let him survive to a large Progenie,
which will be but a number, that must dye.

Viste

Elegics.

*Visit some Friery, there thy wrayh expresse;
There, where Religion is barrenness;
That were a thrifty cruelty, and to save
This Youth were mercy, would enrich thy grave.*

*Cheate not our hopes thw, riddling Destiny,
When we did pray, Stafford might multiply
As numberlesse as are the sands, there's none
Meant such a fatall propagation,
His owne dust for an Off spring, our best prayers
Forbid such sad increase, Atomes for Heires!*

*Howere be not so speedy, gods, but give
Him breath, till he has taught us how to live:
Must we thus wholly lose him, and such worth,
Ere in Example he can bring it forth?
And must it be his period? cannot we
Expresse a man beyond his Elegie,
And Epitaph? can we pen History?
What if long-liv'd, this little one would be:
Where is your Art Genethliakes? who dare
From the Brachygraphy of some Prophet starre,
Transcribe the life of every birth, if Fate
And your great skill be such, Death comes too late
To preiudice your knowledge, and you can,
When he has seiz'd the Corps, reprieve the Man,
And pen him a long-liv'd Example, though
He had bene borne a livelesse Embryo:
I pray, goe calculate, and tell us then
What Stafford in his ripe yeares would have been;
Describe him at some Canon-guarded Hill
Leading his daunted Generall, and we will
Lessen our present despaire into feare
And tremble, lest our Stafford should fall there:*

Then

Elegies.

*Then prosecute your story, till his yeares
List him among the graver headed Peeres;
And in the bustle of some scard-state-tent,
Lei's heare him tutoring a Parliament:*

*Alas! such thoughts but aggravate our crosse,
Instead of comfort, summing up our losse:
Cease then all prattle; with the Grave and Herse
Silence suites better, then the saddest Verie.*

Ri. Paynter, Ioan. Ox.

To the Memory of the Right Honorable
the Lord STAFFORD, the
last Baron of his Family.

Great soule of Stafford,

T*was not for want of Merit, that thy Herse
So long hath lack'd it's tributary Verse.
Things, whose fraile memory scarce oulives the time
Their Elegies a reading, may have a Rime
In halfe an houre slung on them. Earthen plate
'S fram'd at a turne, when the rich Porcelane's
Is a full Age. Raptures that doe besit (date
Objects of wonder, are the fruites of Wit
And choice, not Fury. This kept Phæbus Quire
Silent so long, that nought but hallov'd fire,
And purest gums might crowne thine Urne: yet still
They find thy Worth beyond their power and skill.
For who in meanest lines thy life should write,
would by Posterity be guess'd to endite.*

Some

Elegies.

*Some Romance or vaine legend. To th' dim fight |
The weakest Tapers yeeld the welcom' st light.*

*He was (vaine voyce!) the noble Staffords heire
His Mothers comely graces hung on's faire,
Yet manly cheek; the Younger-brothers heart
And wit to boote, nay each Heroicke part
Of Buckingham dwelt in him: so that he
Alone might justly be a Familie.*

*So have I seene grow upon one small Tree
More various fruits, than in some Orchards be.*

*No dying Hermit meeker, though a Lord,
And under age too: Vertuous though a Ward.
No Dyall plac'd ith' crosse Meridian,
Whose shade runnes still irregular toth' Sunne
That should it guide: He Nobly bore that state
Of Ward, as if Nature had gav't, not Fate.*

*Like to our sorraigne Tulips, which each yeare,
As more mature in growth, new liveries weare,
Yet are th' same flower: so as he elder grew,
Stafford was still unchang'd, though's carriage
The fashion he scarce follow'd nere outrun, (new
Striving to lose himselfe, and Nation.*

*If he toth' Friers came, his judgement swift
As Lightning, could each line, each Humour sift;
And his discerning Palate straight could tast
Beaumont, and Johnsons wheate, from scraps &
But this was Play. The royall Academe (mast.
His best hures challeng'd, where his noble theme
Was his great Fathers Valour, though his Face
Had not yet lost his Mothers beaution grace.*

*So that from him being arm'd, the limmer might
Exactly draw Venus, as she in bright*

Elegies.

Steele came to Lacedemon; or th' brave Maide
Ioves daughter, as she came to her Fathers ayd.
Death will be proud of's dart, when he shall finde
'T hath slaine two Families, in Blood, & Mind,
Nay wil more triumph that h' hath slaine but one
Than if by th' Plague or Sword a Million;
Those could but last an Age; in Stafford he
Hath kild Successive Immortalitie.

Now for his Epitaph, let onely be
Fix'd on his Tombe his Royall Pedigree. (Page

This, like some well writ Booke, whose every
Containes rich wit, and matter for an age,
When th' reader with this treasury growes brisk
For Finis, meetes with a sad Asteriske:
Or like some stately Pallace, which halfe lyes
Unfinis'd, whose proud top should scale the skies,
Will more with pittie the beholder move,
Then, if compleat, with wonder, or with love.

Perhaps some gentler Lady, reading this
Three ages hence, may mourne Her losse of blisse,
In Staffords suddaine fall: Had not his life
Bin short, she might have bin a Staffords Wife.

Will. Creede, of S.
Iohns. Oxf.

Elegies.



Memoriae Sacrum
Nobilissimi Dom. Domini Edwardi Stafford.
EDWARDVS
NOBILISSIMUS STAFFORDIÆ
DOMINUS.

*DE*inatus nunquam satis plorabitur,
Qui nunquam satis hilariter excipi poterat natus.
In Quo magna Staffordiæ gens stetit, cecidit;
Column sue Domus, simul erat & Terminus.
Solus; & numerosa Prosapia!
Unicus; & magna Familia!
Exatissima Herois Buckinghamii Epitome:
Gemmula mole per exigua, infiniti pene valoris;
Mundus Major in Spisbamam contractus,
Mixtusque & Adagnus.
Quem dilexerunt omnes, qui norunt,
Plorant omnes, etiam qui non norunt.
Comitatus anima;
Nobilitatis Idea;
Virtutis universa Virtus ipsa.
*E*tate qui vix Ascanius, prudentia plusquã Aneas:
Apollo intonsus, & Musarum Deus.
Cui corpus elegantius, quàm Fœminarum,
Incoluit animus major, quàm virorum.
Quem in armis diceret absq; lanugine Gradivum,
Nec adhuc in Numen adultum:
Hunc galea deposita, Adonidem Diones osculis rubentẽ
Ceu veriùs Cupidinem ex ephebis elapsum.

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*C*olumen ſue Domus, ſimul erat & Terminuſ.
*S*olus; & numeroſa Proſapia!
*U*nicus; & magna Familia!
*E*xactiſſima Herois Buckinghamii Epitome:
*G*emmula mole per exigua, inſiniti penè valoris;
*M*undus Major in Spisbamam contractuſ,
*M*ixtoſq; & Adagnuſ.
*Q*uem dilexerunt omnes, qui norunt,
*P*lorârunt omnes, etiam qui non norunt.
*C*omitatiſ anima;
*N*obilitatiſ Idea;
*V*irtutiſ uniuerſe Virtuſ ipſa.
*E*tate qui vix Aſcaniuſ, prudentiâ pluſquã Aeneas:
*A*pollo inſenſuſ, & Muſarum Deuſ.
*C*ui corpꝰ elegantiuſ, quàm Fœminarum,
*I*ncoluit animuſ major, quàm virorum.
*Q*uem in armis diceret abſq; lanugine Gradivum,
*N*ec adhuc in Numen adultum:
*H*unc, galeâ depoſitꝰ, Adonidem Dioneſ oſculis rubentẽ
*C*eu veriꝰ Cupidinẽ ex ephebiſ elapſum.

Elegies.

Quē equitanti, Alexandrū Bucephalo infidē credere,
Aut Centaurum in Lapitharum praelia ruentem,
Sonipes ipse tam grato pondere superbiebat,
Gestiens a tanto dirigi.

Exteras hausit linguas, non quasi nostra sordesceret
Sed ne ullū exactissimo Cugiali deesset complemē-

Latinam penē habuit vernaculam: (cum.

Heroicam Græci Sermonis majestatem,

Non ex ignorantia sed asumine iudicii admirabatur,

Muscam didicit, ne tempus, cum ludo vacaret, perde-

Qui tamen ex Oppiduli ruinis (ret

Altam posset Urbem extruere.

Ubi in numerum gressus efformabat,

Ei Persecutū salaria commodasse crederes;

In choro volanti semper similior, quam pulsantē terram

Vestalibus ipsis castior; at hoc ex virtute natum,

Non corporis intemperie.

Quem tamen adeo castum vixisse lugemus,

Nec Patrē fuisse (quod in aliis detestamur) quindecim

(jam annos natum;

Tunc alii Staffordiæ gentis heredos supersuissent,

Quam Vestes pullate, & luctuosum funus.

At o preposteræ rerum humanarum vices!

Qui in perpetuū vivere meruit, immaturus occubuit,

Maternæ prius heres Telluris, quam Paternæ.

Disce lector.

Familia & tituli, æquē ac homines, suos habent occasus.

Guil. Creede, Joān.

Elegies.



On the Lord *STAFFORD*, the
last Baron of his Race, who dyed in
his *None-age*.

YOUR Country Hindes if you have seene.
When they have a Lopping beene,
They take not here a Branch or there,
But leave the naked Backe so bare,
It cannot be term'd Plant, but we
Must call't the Carcasfe of a Tree:
Which they (beleeving nought their owne,
But what within their Pale is throwne)
Have so dismembred, for no good
But to encrease their Stack of Wood.
Yet even these leave one sprout there
Expecting Company next Yeare,
Where if so chance is be not found
They lose their right to the whole ground.
What hast thou forfeited, Death, now
That hast not left a Topping Bough
On such a glorious stocke? not spar'd
The tender sprigge, but further dar'd
Going beyond dire Sicknesse sight
Not for to bend, but breake it quite:
What Plot is now in hand? Do's Fate
Meane to bring in Confusion streight?
How shall a Stately shady Tree,
From Trunk or Mast distinguish'd bee,

Elegies.

If this be suffer'd? Shall the source
Of Noble blood be stop't its course
Or chill'd? and shall the Pedant Veine
Through all the Body flash amaine?
Therefore Death (since you cannot be
Exempted from all Penalty,
When thou shalt dare Trespasse so high
Not in mistake, but cruelty)
Your Dart is forfeite, and must cease,
The Darter being bound to th' Peace,
And so disarm'd by Natures Will,
If you must needs yet Wound or Kill,
You must your presence use, or fight;
All weapons are debarr'd you quite;
For let Time accursed be
If he shall lend his Sithe to Thee.
And all this Nature does enact,
Not for one petty Crime, or fact.
Her Law does not thee guilty call
Of treason, murder, but of All.
That which last yeare you did commit,
And we not know to name it yet;
Prometheus once presumed so
To steale from Heav'n a flame or two;
Where now he feelles loves angers edge
In Hell, and rues his Sacriledge:
How many Vultures had love sent,
If he had stolne the Element?
Put out a Starre or Two, or more
And make them give their winking o're,
You doe no hurt, there's more to shine:
Which else perhaps had not beene seene:

Elegies.

Or if we take them All away,
We shall be blam'd no more than day.
But if we put out the Sunnes light,
We may bid the whole World Good-Night:
Not meereley cause it is the Sunne,
But chiefly cause it was but One:
For had we Two, who could repine
Though One did Set, so One did shine?
Thus stands it with thee death, and us
That hast affronted the state thus:
Could not one House suffice, nay Towne
But must you pull our None-such downe?
Could your transcendent Envie ayme
Not at the Person, but the Name?
Must Stafford dye? True! States-men say
That even Kingdomes have their day
Nor dare I avouch they erre,
A Kingdome's a Particular:
A Name's Eternall, and a Race
Is bound to neither Time nor Place.
Now therefore thinke what thou hast done
And burst thou foolish Sceleton:
Sithence we shall beleeve your spite,
Not your Power, infinite:
For though here lyes the Corps of Stafford dead
His Name and Epitaph can't be Buried.

Io. Goad. Ioan. Ox.

Elegies.



On the much lamented death of the Lord STAFFORD.

A Name too great for numbers, fit for those
Let loose their eyes, and weepe as 'twere in
And yet a theme too vast for eyes & here (prose
The greatest thing lamented is the Teare.
And when we have sate up to hang the Herse,
We can't be thought to weep our Lord but verse,
So great that we but role his flame, and chime
His gloryes growing, Sextons but in Ryme,
Who when he is deliver'd best will beare
A fame like maderne faces blotted faire,
Whom we conceale in phrase, so vast a Taske
We write him to a beauty in a maske.
Though he might blow a quill to verſe, whilst men
Envie to see the Poet in the Pen:
For who can thinke in Prose a man so cleere
His thoughts did suffer sight, and soule appeare?
That he that searcht his hearty words might find
That breath was th' exhalation of his mind,
Such faith his tongue did weare, you might have
He spoke his brest, & only thought aloud, (row'd
You might his meaning through his blood have
Too pure deform'd dissembling to hide, (spyd,
As to his Virgin soule, Nature had drawne
In so refined flesh a Vayle of Lawne.

Elegies.

So was he borne, cut up, that now we cou'd
Learne vertues from the Doctrine of his bloud,
Which we might see preach Valour, and espye
His veine, to make an Auditor of the Eye,
And runne conclusions, for from hence we try'd
Which was a flood of valour, which iust Tyde,
Learning from his wise beat, that in an ill
A spirit might courageously sit still
That one might dare be quiet, and afford
To thinke all mettall lyes not in the sword,
And Cutlers make no mindes, Armour no doubt
Does well, but none can be inspir'd without,
So did her chide the Flame oth' wilder youth
That fights for Ladies bayre or lesse, their truth;
His blood discreetly boyl'd did make it cleere
It is the minde makes old, and not the yeere:
That we may prompt his stone to say---lyes here
Stafford the Aged at his foure-teenth yeere?

To. Howe.

Sacred to the Memory of the Right
Honourable, the Lord STAFFORD
being the last Baron of his Name.

T'is high Presumption in us, that are
The feete, so almost excrement, to dare
Turne eyes and weep a puddle rivulet
Over thy herse, which Nobles have beset
T with

Elegies.

With pearly drops, that all may cleerely see,
Thou wast the jewell of Nobility:
We cannot hope that our distracted cryes (nies
Will please, amongst their well-tun'd harmo-
Our Elegies not weepe, but are to be
Wept at, and want themselves an Elegie.
Yet frowne not on our verse, and teares of jet:
(Ah never any sorrow truer let)
Who can but sluce his heart throughout his eyes,
When Youth, Nobility, Hope, Stafford dyes?
I summe not up thy beauty, comelineffe,
Nor thousand graces, which thy soule did blesse,
For, like to gamesters whom their lucks have
We feare to know the utmost we have lost. (crosse
Thou didst not by Example, States false glasse
Dresse thy behaviour, and thy life's face:
Nor wast sufficient ground, that thou shouldst do
This vice, because Lord such a one did so:
Thy eyes, when once had but a point let in
Of lust, the other spying the little sinne,
Would send a visive ray, as messenger,
To tell, that if it would not drop a teare, (dwell;
And quench that sparke, he would not his mate
Then wept the sinfull eye, and all was well.
Thus each part, just as in Philosophie,
Would Rule, and Maxime to the other be.
O what disease, then shall we wish may meete
With that disease, which took away this sweet?
That envious disease, and which out-vies
Even the Pestilence in cruelties: (thrill'd
For that, amongst hundreds, true, its poyson
But they were troope, and so ill humour spil'd.
We

Elegies.

We teem'd too fast, and too much issue bad
That let us blood, as rules of Physick bad:
But this gnawes our land's heart, Nobilitie,
And is more cruell in Epiomie.
By making us in this one Staffords fall,
To celebrate the exequies of all.

Why wouldst thou yeeld so soone to death? alas!
Thou hast too speedily finisht thy race: (head,
Thou ought'st not, pretty flowre, have hung thy
Till thou wast ripe, and blown, hadst scattered
Some scedes about thy bed: where in a shade
Thou might'st have slept by thy sonne-flowers
When with strong bulwork of posterity (made:
T'hadst fortify'd, thy decay'd Ancestry,
Built up thy ruin'd house, allay'd our feares,
And wert foure-score as wel in sons, as yeares,
O then, and not til then, thou should'st have tri'd
Whether our tender love would lett thee' ave di'd.

Tho. Snelling. of
S. Johns Oxf.

On the memory of the late Lord STAFFORD.

(dry
Hadst thou stood firme, our eyes had yet bin
Not in their Vrnes, but in thy brest did lye
All thy stockes honour. Memphis never knew
Amongst her wonders Pyramid like you,
Stately how ere great families they shroud
And scepter'd lides, yet farre beneath a cloud.

T 2

Thou

Elegies.

Thou in few yeares couldst such a height attaine
Or look'd the hills, and peer'd above the raine:
Our teares are too too low, and watry eyes
Doe leese themselves in search of such a rise.
The losse was ours, thy Pyramid did grow
Still broad nigh heaven, decreas'd to us below.
The Vertues built thee, and the graces came,
And with all sweetnesse polished thy frame,
Honour, thy Mistresse, there with glorious hand
Full often made her splendid impresse stand,
For she lov'd Stafford, each adoring eye
In thee insculpt read all nobility.
So wert thou to the world by heaven lent,
The life of new; old vertues monument.
Thy soule was large and able to containe,
More than the worthes of many ages gaine,
The Vertues of thy Ancestors all knit
Could not it fill, were proud to enter it.
And thou encreas'dst that happie stock so well
As who will reckon, all the starres may tell
Of heaven, which hath it, and us rob'd in spite,
Or feare that they should be lesse infinite:
And man no more looke up, since stars shine dim,
To vertues light, and heaven was nigh in him,
Thy vertues growth hath our endeavours chid,
Weele raise no Pile to thee, great Pyramid.

B. Olivier

On

Elegies.



On the death of the Lord STAFFORD.

IF from thy Sacred Ashes did arise
Another Phoenix, breathing spiceries,
Such as thy blossomes did (since funerall fire
Refined in full age thine Honoured Sire)
In whom you both might seeme againe t' returne,
Our griefes had all beene buried in thy Vrne.
Nor vex the quiet Muses for a Verse
To be thy Off-spring, or adorne thy Herse;
Who leav' it Succession unto none of thine,
And but in such, liv' st in no other Line.
But now her selfe Nature begins to feare,
And startles to behold now here, now there
A family extinct, which though she strive
With all her Art and strength to keepe alive.
It vanisheth (Great Stafford, thou shalt be
To Nature a sad instance and to me)
Lest by Inductions she her selfe might be
Concluded in short time Vacuitie.
When the whole Fabricks into nothing hurld,
And the great fadeth as the lesser world.
Pillars of flesh, not stones and Imagrie
Preserve the dead in Living Memory.
The blossom cropt, before 'ts growne to a Peare,
Is no more worth, than if it had ne're beene there
Which growne might from its kernels have begun
In other grounds a new Plantation.

Elegies.

The poore mans Only lamb, should have bin spar'd
It was his Onely One; 's there no regard
Of One, and Onely One? This One may grow
In time into a number, Whence may flow
Succeeding Millions; This One being lost
The hopes of all futurity are crost.

Happy who first by his Victorious hand
Won honour to his house: whose Name did stand
In the first front, and after liv'd to see
His sonnes continue his Nobilitie,
But he who ends his Honour and his Name,
In his sweete youth and early hopes (when fame
Is scarce upon the wing to tell the Earth
His Ancestors, his Honours, and his birth)
Dies, leaving teares his onely Legacie,
Which must be wept and payd from every eye:
This gives our teares new birth, nor doth con-
Our sad Laments onely into one Act (tract
Such as was thy appearance; form'd of clay
Array'd with, and bereft of Honour in a day.
But will when ere we turne the booke of Fame
Create new griefe, when we shal read thy Name
With this unhappie mention, He dy'd Young
And without issue, Here doth end the Line
Of th' Ancient Staffords Family: Thus Time
Becomes their Period also, and the End (lend
Which should each action crowne, to thee doth
A double losse, in whose one death doe dye
More than thy selfe, Thy Ancient Family.
Tell me old Time, Chiefe Register of Things,
Who writ'st the fates of Commons, and of Kings
Was not a Tribe once precious in the Eye

Of

Elegies.

Of the Almighty, though once doom'd to dye
And perissh all? yet some were left to be
Preserv'd, and raise up a new Progenie.
So lest no branch of David should be left
To bud till Shiloh came, Ioash by theft
Escapes the bloody stroke, onely this One
Continues Kingdome and succession.
For one out of a numerous race to die
We know is common, when the race doth lie
In One, and that One leaves no one behind
Besides a fruitlesse name, Nature's unkind.
"My owne Creation's but a blisse begun,
"which is made perfect in succession.

E. Marow.



On the Death of the most Noble Lord STAFFORD.

IMpartiall Nature, sham'st thou not that we
Should ever brand thee thus with cruelty?
Must all feeble like death? Must vertuous then
Be subject to corruption, like bad men?
Thus thou wouldst have it be, but he whose breath
Thou enviously hast stoppt, shall not know death.
He who by Children thou deny'dst should give
A life to's Name, makes it himselfe to live.
He was borne Noble, and his life did so
Answer his birth, that it was hard to know
Which way he was most Noble, which most good
By his owne vertues, or his Parents blood.

In |

Elegies.

*In him liv'd all his Ancestors, his fall
Proves not his onely, but their funerall.
He was not his Stocks bare Epitomy,
Nor was he like but one o' th' Family,
He did resemble All. What dyed in him
Was seene againe reviv'd and live in him.
Life to the dead he gave. And though a Son,
His Fathers Fathers Father was become.
And now he that was like his friends in all things,
To be more like 'hem, and as they did, dyed. (cried
With him fals th' house of th' Staffords, and tis well
It might have longer stood, not better fell.*

R. Pul.

Sacred to the Memory of the most
Vertuous Edward Lord Stafford, the last
Baron of his Illustrious Family.

SO is the ancient Rocke that still sent forth
Stewels of clearer light, and constant worth,
By ruder hands still pillag'd of it's store,
Safe onely when they thought 'twould yeild no more;
The Sun discov'ring a fresh drop of light
That might contest with him, and prove as bright
Doth bid his beames that exudation steale,
Before the moisture into stone congeale:

So in the aged Rose tree, whose buds were
Such that we might affirme th' were stars grew there,
After it long had yeilded growing Fires,
Still snatch'd to feede the ravishers desires.

The

Elegies.

The cold doth kill that bud that last shoots forth,
And robs us of all hopes of afterworib.

Thus here the heat, and there the frost doth more
Spoile, then the Robbers Fingers did before.

But we can pardon fate, when that the crosse
Extends it selfe unto no greater losse
Then of a Gem, or Flowre: But when that hand
Shall snatch such living Jewels, let me stand
Senselesse, and stupid as that Rocke, and be
Wretched, and fruitlesse as that winter'd tree.

Fancy a morne that promis'd all delight
Day ere afforded, yet unto the sight
Clouded by suddaine darkenesse, whiles the houres
Were busie yet to dresse it with fresh flowres;
And you have fanci'd expectation Crost,
But not like that of him we now have lost.

Fancy a sparke that Time would soone have blowne
Into a throng of flames, that would have growne
Unto the pitch of lustre, as it bore
The Pyramid higher, and fill'd more, and more,
Dash'd by a suddaine, violent showre, and then
Know you are short of this as sparkes of men.

Witnesse thou Deity of my pensive Muse,
His Sacred soule, that I no Art doe use
To raise a noted griefe from fancy'd losse,
Making the teares when I have made the crosse!
Alas! the causes are too just. For where
Hath Knowledge any glories, that his cleare
Mind did not reach at? Where hath Action ought
Of Fame, and worth that he would not have sought?
No Flowre in all that Garden, or in this
That would not have been proud to bestild his?

Elegies.

Bays most retir'd from Light, and Sun had beene
By his search found, and by his shewing scene.

For whereas others thinke high birth, and blood
Vertues entaild, and all that's well borne good,
Though he might boast in this an ample share
(As the world knowes, Vertue and this Lord were
As undivided still as Light and Heate,
That the Inherent Dowry, he the seate)

Yet he nere would his Birth to Vertue swell,
But thought it onely might set Vertue well;
Made it the Ouch, not Jewell, and from thence
Did raise new Tules of preheminence.
Thus each day added to him, and we may
Say, if we view his mind, he did die gray.

Nor let me suffer misbeliefe, because
You knew him yet not man by Time, and Names:
Soules such as his sore, and produce high things,
When others have as yet scarce hope of wings.
His Genius did rich glories then beget
And shew, when lower could not Bud as yet.
Thus Regions neare the Sun doe Fields afford,
Throng'd with the choyssest Flowres, and richly stor'd
When the remoter places sleepe, and show
Onely a garment of benumbing Snow.

When I consider all this snatcht, I must
Wish that my teares could animate his dust.
But being we can't call backe lost good, nor blisse
Our selves with him reviv'd, I here professe
My bress his Marble, and doe thence become
Both the bewailer of him, and the Tombe.

Anthony Stafford.

FINIS.

